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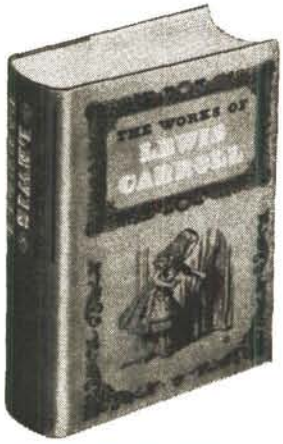

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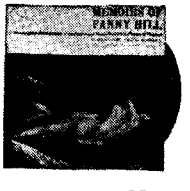

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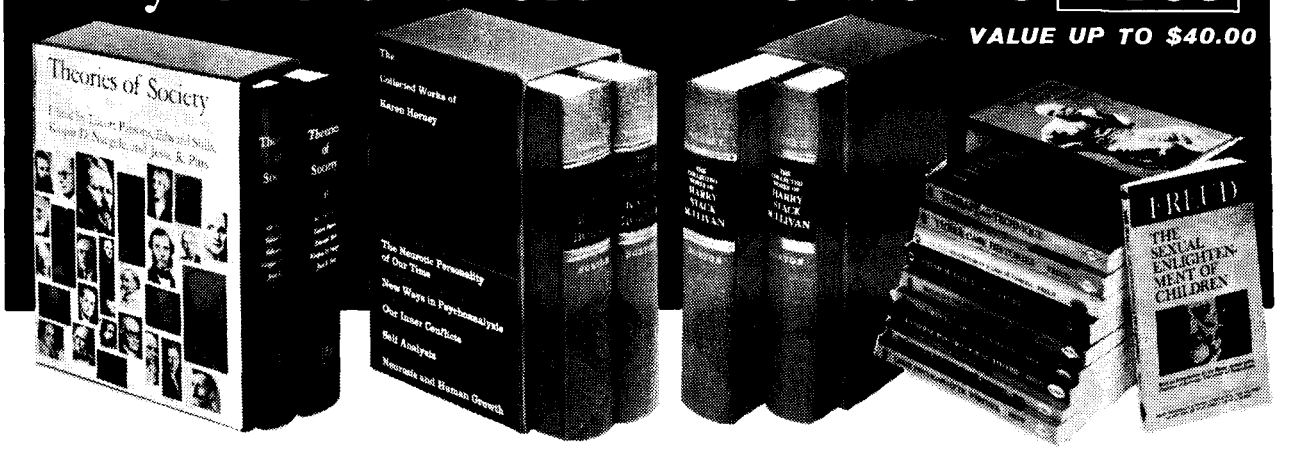

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Zoo Story

★ It is with mingled feelings that we turn our attention this week to an international courtship. The London zoo's giant panda Chi Chi has been flown to Moscow to meet the Russian zoo's giant panda An An. Object – Romance. In the spring a panda's fancy, and all that sort of thing. Chi Chi has never seen another panda; in her London zoo she knew something was missing but didn't know what. To arrange the match took protracted negotiation but now all is merry as a marriage ball. One little giant panda cub, London gets it; two little giant panda cubs, each zoo gets one.

We should be singing tra-la, tra-la to all this. Alas, we can't. Ideology intrudes. We can't forget Chi Chi's origin. Yes, sir – Communist China. An Australian dealer bought her, intending her for the US. But very properly, at the appropriate moment, the State Department intervened. Chi Chi is now the London zoo's most valuable animal, but what of that? We have a trade embargo against Red China. We are the only country that observes it. "Peking is able to purchase in Japan, Germany, England or elsewhere any goods that are denied to it by us," Professor Doak Barnett told the Fulbright committee. And Professor John Lindbeck explained last week, "Japan has replaced Russia as her leading trade partner."

Let lesser nations bargain away their principles, Americans will remain steadfast. Our patriotic State Department diverted shamefaced Chi Chi from profaning our sacred shores. (Whether she moped in the London zoo for absent romance, or from American rejection, only another giant panda could tell.) The great thing is that the United States has preserved its dignity. That's what counts in world affairs; not affection, but respect.

Papa Knows Best

★ We have been interpreting as well as we could the comprehensive poll on Vietnam by social scientists at Stanford University and Chicago's National Opinion Research Center. There is a ring of authenticity about it because it is so confused. As *NYTimes*man Tom Wicker observed, "The public seems to be more certain of what it won't do than of what it ought to do." Sixty-one percent support Mr. Johnson's handling of the war but then, it develops, the same majority wants contradictory and conflicting things.

The way we see it the citizen thinks Papa knows best, and that LBJ is Papa. He wants opposite things at the same time, and they will give LBJ a while, six months maybe, to produce results. He has a period of grace. If he doesn't produce by then he may be in trouble. Then it becomes a test of trust in Papa. In a far-off war – widely suspect, little understood – does LBJ inspire the trust, the confidence, the affection to carry the public along, in what he describes as a middle course, quite irrespective of the virtues of the affair? We have our doubts.

Several years ago the US decided to intervene in Vietnam. A year ago we decided not to intervene in Indonesia. It was a specific and deliberate choice; we decided to try out "the other way." A country of 100 million people was rapidly slipping into the hands of Peking; we didn't do anything. The fifth largest nation, enormously more important than Vietnam, was moving into the Red orbit. We sent no military expedition. Sukarno sneered at us, reviled us, ridiculed us; we replied mildly. He told us he could get on without our foreign aid; we ended it. He burned our USIA libraries; we closed them. He said, withdraw your AID mission, your military mission, your Peace Corps. We did. "Ha, ha, America is a paper tiger!" sneered Sukarno. We reduced our embassy staff to a skeleton.

So what happened? Repeatedly Sukarno denounced us for intervening and, indeed, we did; we intervened in reverse by a militant nonintervention policy that made it very difficult for Sukarno to offer a hate target. When he pointed an angry finger we weren't there.

About a year ago we stepped up our military force in Vietnam and it is still there and getting bigger all the time. A year ago we decided that maybe Indonesians could handle the Peking problem better without our help. The two stories aren't all told yet, but you know the score so far.

Malpractice at the AMA

★ A post-mortem took place last week on a piece of medical malpractice. The dignified American Medical Association is going to tell its readers about it in the next issue of the *AMA Journal*. The fact is that the AMA is required to publish the story – the posthumous finding of an out-of-court settlement of a libel action brought against the AMA itself.

In public affairs many a good doctor has a case of arrested development. They can be taken in by any quack. In 1963 a middleman known only as "Irv" sold to the AMA, for $20, the tape recording of a gangster-type, pro-medicare speech alleged to have been made by Paul Normile, organizer of the United Steelworkers. Normile didn't make the speech; he sued and has collected $25,000. Meanwhile the nation got Medicare. The AMA needs a great big headache pill.

★ *Notes:* The Census Bureau told us the other day that the United States will reach 200 million in "late 1967"; AD 2000 – 300 million. . . . Drew Pearson's current revelations of the lobby activities of Sen. Thomas Dodd (D, Conn.) has upset the Senate's Ethics Committee: shall it investigate Dodd or Pearson? . . . Court trial is scheduled in mid-October for the Bobby Baker case; many think it will be postponed till after the election. . . . The implacable far right Illinois branch is running a third candidate in the Douglas-Percy senatorial race this fall (Percy had doubts about Goldwater, you remember). . . . The big NYC newspaper merger is expected shortly: p.m.'s = *World-Telegram* + *Journal-American*; Sundays = *Herald-Tribune* + *Journal-American*.

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"The More Glorious War"

Sargent Shriver has finally produced a grand design for ending poverty and laid it before Adam Clayton Powell, whose Education and Labor Committee is conducting a full-scale review of the antipoverty war's first year. Shriver's design is simple enough: He aims to find jobs for four million un- or underemployed Americans, and thus satisfy whatever serious criticisms either Democrats or Republicans could make of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Heretofore, the OEO looked like an ant hill that had just been stepped on – lots of motion and no central direction. But the appearance of disorder did not altogether reflect what was going on. For within the poverty program there was an exciting and adventurous willingness to experiment even at the risk of bad publicity. At the Powell hearings, quite a "different image" of the OEO emerged. Congressmen fell all over one another to praise this "domestic Westmoreland," as Shriver is called. Powell himself has turned completely around. Last year he said the poverty program was a "giant fiesta of political patronage," and started an investigation. Last December his assistant, C. Sumner Stone told the papers, "We have uncovered evidence so hot I have to keep it locked up in a safe." But today Powell says, "I think all of us will be pleasantly surprised at the splendid accomplishments of this more glorious war. . . . The overblown myth of the so-called scandals saturating the program will be laid to rest once and for all."

The new emphasis on employment is likely to shunt to one side the controversy over "maximum feasible participation of the poor" in the antipoverty war. Community organizer Saul Alinsky argues that the left-outs must unite to fight for things which the Establishment will not otherwise yield them. But the thing the poor need most is work at adequate pay, which is precisely what both the President and Shriver now promise them.

Our increasing commitment of men and goods to "victory" in Vietnam probably will continue to push the unemployment rate downward. It is now 3.7 percent (for Negroes, 7 percent). Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz says there are still manpower shortages; his Department wants to run a national inventory to find out how many jobs are open, what kind and where. And the Civil Service Commission, which hires people for government, is looking into restructuring some skilled jobs to make room for sub-professionals. The poverty program's job-training schemes are to be closely geared to these other

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efforts at filling up any holes in the labor market.

In its first year, the OEO's job program had mixed success. Shriver says that 85,000 poor people were placed in jobs with private companies; a quarter of a million others found work in one of the federally financed poverty programs. These quarter of a million work mostly in the new sub-professions the program is creating: as assistants to Head Start classes, for example, or as health aides who take some of the load off public health nurses, or as community workers in the slums.

These figures are very rough, but they do suggest that jobs in private industry are somewhat slow in coming; most of the work is provided through public services of one sort or another, and these are the very services that are being curtailed as a result of rising expenditures for Vietnam. The point has special significance in light of Mr. Shriver's hope that most of the poor can find work in private industry.

Unemployment is particularly acute among youngsters between 16 and 21, and so nearly half the OEO's budget this year, $500,000, is put into the Job Corps and the Neighborhood Youth Corps, both of which are meant to provide these boys and girls immediate work, education and skill training. For this age group as a whole, unemployment is 10 percent; but among Negro boys it is 20 percent, for Negro girls, 25 percent.

Poverty War

Job Corps costs have proved higher than expected. Shriver recently said in an interview with *US News & World Report* that the cost of training was $6,000. But under sharp questioning by Representative Edith Green, Job Corps officials conceded the average annual cost per trainee is much higher – $11,251.

Only 1,500 of the Job Corps' 22,000 enrollees are teen-age girls, even though there are 500,000 girls who qualify for Job Corps training.

Few Job Corps graduates have moved out into jobs thus far. By the end of this February 1,061 men and women had completed training; 515 found jobs; 359 went into the army. While half the boys can't pass the armed service entrance tests when they join the Corps, $11,251 may seem a high price for getting them up to buck private level.

This year the Neighborhood Youth Corps (OEO-financed but run by the Labor Department) will give work to more than 250,000 youngsters. Most of them will be in school and need a part-time job to keep from dropping out. But 60,000 others are dropouts, and the NYC will provide them with 32 hours a week of work over a six-month period. Until recently the Labor Department made no systematic check into what happened to dropouts who finished this program; the best estimates suggest perhaps 25 percent are getting full-time jobs; another 15 percent go back to school. One thing the dropouts need is remedial education; few of them now get it.

Going Respectable

Apart from jobs, OEO ought to push its own innovative ideas harder. There are 650 OEO-subsidized-and-inspired community action agencies around the country. Most of these agencies draw together local employment services, welfare departments, public housing. The idea was to freshen the tired old bureaucrats who man these agencies. But the OEO also has had ambitious ideas for cleaning up the slums. Practical results have lagged far behind ambitions; the ideas have been slow to catch on. Of the 650 community action agencies, only five have got federal funds for credit unions, six for consumer education, two for health service centers, 13 for birth control, and 12 for legal services. The most important of these is the last. The neighborhood legal service makes available a free lawyer to represent a poor client in his dealings with slum lords, city welfare departments, public housing authorities, unemployment compensation boards, in criminal actions, against loan sharks. The program, which now gets $20 million a year, is radically new.

The explanation for the present downgrading of

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community action may be found in prods from the Budget Bureau. Or it may simply be that traditional political forces have reasserted themselves. OEO is keeping quiet about the "maximum feasible participation" of the poor. Shriver's people are worried that Powell may go along with Democrats who want to cut this phrase out of the act altogether. OEO would like at least one-third of the members of a local poverty board to be poor residents from the affected slums, but it isn't insisting on it. And by not insisting, Mr. Shriver defers to big-city Democrats, like Mayor Daley of Chicago, who seem afraid of possible graft should OEO money be put into hands beyond their control, and who genuinely fear that the Negroes will rise against them in some sort of class struggle, if they are the bosses of their own slum programs. On the evidence to date, these fears are farfetched. For the one lesson of the poverty war has been to show how docile the poor are, and how receptive they are to any assistance.

To give the reigning local politicians means for getting rid of a "troublesome" community action worker, Shriver's office recently sent out a requirement that in the future people working for community action agencies must pass certain morality standards and sign loyalty oaths. These prohibit hiring any person manifesting "disloyalty to the United States," or anyone who has recently been convicted "of a crime involving moral turpitude." Partisan political activity also is forbidden. These regulations do not apply to present employees of the community action agencies, but will be put into effect for all future workers.

One requirement, which also applies to local governing poverty boards states: "Manifestations of disloyalty to the United States, membership in subversive organizations or lack of sympathy with the objectives of the Economic Opportunity Act are inconsistent with employment in a community action program. Recent conviction of a crime involving moral turpitude shall be considered strong evidence of failure to meet these standards."

Furthermore, the OEO has under consideration a proposal to have the FBI conduct field investigations of community action directors and their immediate subordinates. All this should be enough to cut off the energetic, bright people Shriver says he likes to have around him; they'll find other jobs, less redolent of ward politics.

Shriver's new strategy may also undercut, may be intended to undercut more free-wheeling reformers like Saul Alinsky and the members of the new left. For the main complaint in the slums is lack of jobs. With the Democratic establishment committed to providing work, and the war in Vietnam keeping the economic engine well stoked, the drive behind these local, Alinsky-ish organizations is likely to falter.

New Poll on Vietnam

The latest public opinion survey by Louis Harris & Associates showed that 49 percent of Americans approve of Lyndon Johnson's handling of the Vietnam war; 63 percent did in early January. Although the polls show that he has lost support from both "doves" and "hawks," the President himself is reportedly most concerned over what he feels is mounting public pressure for a harder line in Vietnam.

However, a national poll published last week by a group of Stanford University social scientists working in conjunction with the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center suggests that "de-escalation" has more support than has been apparent. The poll of 1,474 persons, conducted in late February and early March, indicate that a majority of Americans favor negotiations with the Viet Cong (88 percent); a UN-negotiated truce (70 percent); some Viet Cong role in a South Vietnamese coalition government (52 percent); and free elections in the South, even if they might be won by the Viet Cong (54 percent). The statistics hold with only minor variations for the 61 percent who say they "approve" of how the war is being handled, as well as for the group as a whole.

The poll does not bear out the notion that a preponderance of the President's opponents favor a more militant policy. Of those who say they disapprove of the handling of the war, two-thirds favor a coalition government and free elections; three-fourths support a UN-supervised truce and more than nine-tenths approve of direct negotiations with the Viet Cong.

Even among those who would back a US troop build-up to 500,000 men, a large percentage favors a coalition government (48 percent) and negotiations with the Viet Cong (86 percent). The so-called "hawk" position – increase in troops, bombing cities in the North, opposition to a coalition government and free elections – was characteristic of six percent of the respondents.

Two Appointments

Anyone charting the political currents in the Johnson Administration might profitably study two recent presidential appointments as examples of an interesting drift. The first is Farris Bryant, the former governor of Florida, who will head the Office of Emergency Planning. The agency has a rag-bag of responsibilities, from determining oil reserves to providing disaster relief. But the director can have a great deal of political "clout." He sits on the National Security Council, and has direct access to the White House. He makes recommendations for restricting imports on the basis of "national security"; for example, he might find that the

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American chicken-wire industry must be preserved for security's sake and that importations of foreign chicken-wire would ruin it. He has a large responsibility in deciding what materials should be stockpiled. And President Johnson likes the director to be a liaison man between the President and the state governors.

What special qualities Governor Bryant brings to that job are difficult to discern. In Florida, he represented the segregationist, most extreme right wing of the Democratic Party. In 1960 he supported Mr. Johnson for the Democratic presidential nomination, then announced that although he would vote for the Kennedy ticket, he would "hold his nose." He was closely allied to the Johns Committee, a kind of minor-league, but particularly vicious, Florida un-American activities group. He became chairman of the nationwide governors' Committee on Cold War Education, and his press secretary, John Evans, was its staff director. The Committee's report, "Paths to Understanding," recommended mass training for counterinsurgency and propaganda, with unsubtle hints about Communist exploitation of civil rights problems. Out of the report came the Florida Center for Cold War Education, the state's official distribution point for right-wing propaganda.

The second appointment is Joseph Palmer II, to succeed G. Mennen Williams as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. Palmer is an able, experienced foreign service officer. But he is out of tune with the Kennedy and Williams approach to Africa – sympathy with and positive action for African nationalism. The State Department would like to hold back on South Africa; Williams pushed hard against the Verwoerd government's *apartheid* policy, against Portuguese intransigence in Angola and Mozambique, and against white supremacist policies in Rhodesia. Palmer was picked over several informal "candidates" who might have been expected to carry on such policies. In the Department he will be close to Undersecretary Thomas Mann, who succeeded in draining the Alliance for Progress of its progressive zest. Mann is now in charge of relations with Rhodesia.

COMING: *Alex Campbell from Delhi—on what the US and India want from each other*

The New Firm Hand At the Old FDA

In the two months since he became Commissioner at the Food and Drug Administration, Dr. James L. Goddard has begun what looks like a thorough housecleaning of this musty place.

While the Kefauver amendments, enacted in 1962, were meant to put the burden of proof for a drug's safety and efficacy on the manufacturer, they have been largely unenforced. Now, the FDA is finally putting them into effect. It has halted marketing of hundreds of different brands of antibiotic cough lozenges, because there was no evidence to support the claim they were effective against sore throats. (This action hits 70 companies with annual lozenge sales of $20 million.) The agency is currently reviewing the status of ointments, deodorants, sprays and other preparations containing antibiotics. Unless evidence of their effectiveness can be brought forward, they too are soon likely to be ordered off the market.

Dr. Goddard promises to stiffen enforcement of regulations governing drug testing on humans. In recent testimony before the Fountain subcommittee, which rides herd on the FDA, he admitted the agency had been sloppy in supervising the testing program for DMSO, an experimental drug. DMSO is an industrial solvent, a by-product of paper-making that has been touted as a wonder drug for arthritis and various sorts of aches and pains. Perhaps 20,000 to 50,000 patients were getting it from investigators for drug firms. The FDA halted testing November 10, 1965, when tests in animals showed eye damage. Recently eye damage has shown up in humans who took the drug. Three of the 13 companies authorized to test DMSO may face criminal prosecution for their part in the testing, according to Dr. Goddard.

The FDA also is looking into the way Merck & Co. conducted tests on a new birth control pill, MK665. Merck voluntarily terminated testing the pill in 340 women January 18 of this year when results of tests in dogs showed four of them had tumors; two were cancerous. The dog tests had run for a year and were ended July 30, 1965. But the company did not get around to examining the tissue until November 29, 1965. The company, which is supposed to notify the FDA of each step in its testing procedures, filed plans for broad testing in humans with the agency December 28, 1965. But FDA later discovered Merck actually had begun broad-based tests in humans seven months earlier, in June 1965, before it knew the results of the animal tests. The FDA says the company discovered the dogs had cancer December 17, 1965, but didn't

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stop tests on the women until January 18, 1966. The FDA was formally notified three days later. "I don't think these kinds of delays are acceptable," Dr. Goddard said, and he told reporters his agency might bring criminal action against Merck.

The FDA has stiffened labeling requirements on long-acting sulfa drugs which have damaging side-effects in some cases. And there are indications Dr. Goddard is willing to order a controlled study of birth control pills if a special FDA committee now studying possible side-effects suggests this course. Physicians, within and without the government, have cast doubt on the safety of these pills. Damaging and fatal blood clotting has been observed in some women who have been taking them.

There is little doubt that much of the reform spirit in the FDA has been brought on by the work of Morton Mintz, a reporter for the *Washington Post*, who has stuck doggedly on the FDA's tail since he first broke the thalidomide story.

College Folklore and Fact

by Sidney Sulkin

We often hear about a catastrophic college dropout rate – 45 percent nationally. Here are some facts:

► Despite tremendous increase in college enrollments, the dropout *rate* has not risen in 40 years.

► Of those who drop out of college, more than half are likely to return and graduate.

► It is generally assumed that the greatest dropout rate occurs at state-supported institutions. But a long-range study at the University of Illinois shows that over 70 percent of the students who enter state-supported institutions acquire degrees sometime within a 10-year period. Some students even gain their degrees after 10 years.

► At the Pennsylvania State University, 40 percent of the class of 1955 did not complete their degree work in the regular course. But over 70 percent of those dropouts later earned some kind of college degree or certificate of training.

► According to one study, the longer a student stays in college before dropping out, the greater the likelihood that he will return and graduate. The student who drops out early has a better than 50-50 chance of returning, and if he does return, another 50-50 chance that he will eventually graduate.

Few institutions know why students leave or what then happens to them. The term "dropout" reflects on our outmoded attitude toward a college education; it implies that a student is not successful at college unless he spends four consecutive years on a single campus. Actually, however, students range across the country looking for schools that will suit them, or simply accept them. Some spend two years at a community college, then continue elsewhere. Some attend college part time or alternate college with job, taking five or six years to get through. It may not be long before only a minority will spend four years in residence on a single campus. And the chief reason may simply be that young people will want to put together their own educational programs, drawing from a variety of sources.

We have also been hearing lately about the decline in the quality of higher education; and though in the commercial market quality may tend to fall as demand rises, in the world of education, as demand rises, so do standards. The more that all types of students tend to go to college, the more likely it is that good students will also go. Similarly, the more students that colleges have to choose from, the more likely they are to raise their standards.

A decade ago we were worried that not enough academically able students were continuing their education. Talent hunts were the order of the day. Now, according to Richard Pearson, president of the College Board, "The search for the academically able that started during the 1950's has been successful. Generally, all able students who can be identified are entering college." For that matter, we are fast approaching the time when all students at all capable of college will be attending. There's even evidence that many colleges, long secure in their self-esteem, are having a hard time meeting the high standards set for them by incoming

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Sidney Sulkin, *a senior editor of* Changing Times, *recently won the Education Writers' Association prize for "outstanding magazine coverage of education."*

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students. Much of this springs from the fact that we have had a national curriculum reform in the secondary schools. But that in itself suggests how standards rise in education when the entire nation becomes deeply involved in the educational endeavor.

In fact, one might argue that standards are going too high; or to put it another way, that selectivity is becoming a fetish. For we really know little about how to select students or what to select for. In a seller's market many institutions, with an eye to the main chance, see an opportunity for acquiring academic prestige by seeking out students of higher and higher test-predicted scholastic ability. But a small study at Amherst not long ago pointed out that scores and marks "are not always true indicators of the worth of a student nor even of the power of his intellect."

Eugene Wilson, Amherst Dean of Admissions, asked faculty members to give him the names of students in the upper classes whom they had found "creative" and "imaginative," the kind they like to teach. The faculty listed 141 noteworthy students, and the admissions office studied their backgrounds.

- Over 90 percent had come from the top quarter of their secondary school. *But some came from the second quarter and even the bottom half.*
- Somewhat more than half of this creative, imaginative group were in the top quarter of their college class. *But over 20 percent were in the bottom half.*
- On College Board aptitude tests, the range of their scores was 457-781 on the verbal and 387-800 on the quantitative test.
- Although high school counselors had expected that all the students in this group would do well, *they had predicted exceptional performance for only about half of them.*

At the University of Kansas, freshmen are given an aptitude test for counseling purposes after admission. The authorities found that if the test had been used for admission – as it is in some places – and if all those in five entering classes who scored in the lower half had been denied admission, the loss would have included 1,100 students who subsequently graduated, many of whom earned honors and subsequently entered professions and occupations where there is a shortage of trained people. At the same time, hundreds of students who scored better than average on those same tests later dropped out for lack of motivation.

Similar research at the University of Wisconsin showed that if admission had been limited to students in the top 30 percent or 40 percent in their high school class, approximately 10 percent to 20 percent of an entire graduating class would have been cut out, including honor students.

Describing studies of creative people made at Berkeley, Professor S. A. Mednick has said that: "Some of the most creative and productive architects, scientists and mathematicians in our society report that they were mediocre or poor grade-getters. Many of these might now be classified as 'unfit' by an admissions officer. Offhand, I don't recall a valedictorian in the lot. Perusal of accounts of the lives of manifestly creative and productive men reveals that if selection techniques had reached our current state of technology at the time they applied for admission, a good number of these men would have been denied a college education."

Are Small Colleges Better?

But aren't "creative and productive men" (and women) more likely to be produced by *small* colleges with small classes and more personal contact between teacher and student? Not necessarily; that's another bit of folklore.

Last August I attended a meeting of the National Student Association in Wisconsin, where I asked about 400 young people representing some 300 colleges to fill out a questionnaire. What these students say about their college experience does not reflect the attitudes of average students, but it gives a pretty good picture of how bright, well-motivated students see things. One of the most striking facts was that students attending very large institutions – 20,000 and over – were just as well satisfied as those attending the very small schools – 3,000 and under.

Do they like their professors? At large institutions 63 percent say "yes," 32 percent "adequate" – that is, 95 percent yes or adequate. At small colleges, 80 percent "yes," 16 percent "adequate" – that is, 96 percent good or adequate.

"Have faculty members or other college officials been personally helpful to you?" Ninety percent say "yes," six percent say "no." The overall responses are the same for large and small colleges.

In general, academic competition is sharper at larger schools, and the social life at large schools is likely to be more satisfactory than at small schools. Interest in public affairs generally seems to be stronger at the big schools and the students are less likely to complain that regulations are too strict. No one anywhere complains that they are too lax.

A National Science Foundation study reports that small colleges are having increasing and almost "insurmountable" problems in their science programs. They don't have enough staff to carry the load of courses needed by those intending to go on to graduate work, or enough teachers trained in the advanced materials now needed for undergraduates. And they don't offer enough research opportunities.

Are we sure that personal contact between students

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and professors isn't overvalued? At the University of Tennessee a few years ago, 400 students were divided into two groups. Half attended one hour of classes three days a week for one three-month quarter. The others did not attend classes but were given independent work to do and received regular tests. Teacher contact with this second group was avoided. In the end, the second group did far better than the first group, made better grades, took fuller advantage of assigned course material, purchased and used more educational aids. A higher percentage of the second group graduated and continued to sign up for educational courses.

And finally, the myth about productivity. For about a decade, many educators have accepted the theory that one way to judge a college is by its "productivity" of scientists and scholars – the number of its graduates in relation to a school's size who obtain the PhD degree. By this measure, small liberal arts colleges appeared to be more productive than large, complex institutions, and private colleges ranked above public colleges. In a few cases, tiny, comparatively unknown colleges outranked some of the famous prestige colleges.

The whole thing was overturned recently. In an article in *Science* magazine, Dr. A. W. Astin points out that the fair way to measure an institution's output is to figure out first what can be expected in terms of the programs it offers and the types of students who go there. Business majors, for example, aren't as likely to head for PhD's as chemistry majors. So it's unfair to measure, say, Amherst and Ohio State University by the same ruler: Amherst has no business majors, Ohio has a good many. Furthermore, some colleges take only high IQ students, others accept a broader range. The higher ones are more likely to go into academic fields and aim for the top degree.

Dr. Astin, working on a National Science Foundation grant, developed a series of predictions for institutions – what their output *ought to be*, given their programs and admission policies – and then measured actual production against it. Result: *He found that public colleges exceeded expectations whereas the famous men's colleges of the Northeast fell below expectations.*

Africa and the American Right

by Vernon McKay

The disturbing wave of military *coups* and other troubles in middle Africa is providing new ammunition for American conservatives who attack United States policy toward the ruling white regimes in Rhodesia, the Portuguese territories and South Africa. Within the past three months, instability in the Congo, the Central African Republic, Dahomey, Upper Volta and Nigeria has brought military governments to power. These upsetting events are stimulating American conservatives to give increasing support to the white redoubt in Southern Africa, on the theory that here at least is an anti-Communist bastion.

An amusing case study of this is provided by a concerted attack which the conservative press opened in July, 1965 on an academic study entitled *Apartheid and United Nations Collective Measures: An Analysis*, published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The eight chapters of this volume explore the dangerous issues raised, both inside and outside the United Nations, by South Africa's policy of apartheid. Two chapters analyze conditions inside South Africa and the range of possible future developments, while the rest of the volume weighs the feasibility and implications of diplomatic, economic and military sanctions. The much discussed question of sanctions against South Africa had already reached the UN Security Council where a committee studying the issues involved was to report in March, 1965. The Carnegie analysis was designed as a background study, avoiding specific recommendations, to appear at about the same time as the UN report.

The study was greeted with silence by the press when the first 1,260 copies were mailed out between April 23 and 27, 1965. More than two months later, however, although the study was no longer "news," the conservative press opened fire on the Carnegie Endowment for publishing a "battle plan mapping out

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a UN invasion of South Africa." Although the study makes it repeatedly clear that neither the Carnegie Endowment, nor the individual authors, were advocating even economic sanctions, let alone military sanctions, a barrage of about 50 newspaper attacks on this "Carnegie blueprint for war on South Africa" followed in July, August and September. The critics concentrated their fire on Chapter 7 on "Military Measures" and on a six-page appendix which estimates what the costs and casualties would be in the kind of military undertaking sometimes discussed by African delegates at the United Nations. The rest of the study is almost totally ignored.

There is no evidence that the active South African Information Service initiated the operation, although it could have been done discreetly by an embassy officer who simply called the study to the attention of the first journalists who attacked it. The critics invented at least four different "devil theories" to explain who "really" originated the alleged battle plan.

The Sinister United Nations

In the first of the devil theories to be published, the United Nations was the leading plotter. This imaginative version by Robert S. Allen and Paul J. Scott was released to about 200 newspapers on June 15, 1965, under the intriguing title "Malik Aids Thant Africa Move." Their adroit story links the Carnegie analysis with (1) the tour of Africa by the UN Special Committee on Colonialism, (2) Soviet intrigues in Africa, (3) US intervention in the Dominican Republic, (4) the impending Court decision on Southwest Africa, and (5) a "giant demonstration" in New York after the Court decision, now being planned by civil rights leaders. They stress the alleged role of Jacob Malik of the Soviet delegation who "according to US intelligence authorities" was given full endorsement by the Kremlin last month for "Thant's plan" to use UN force "to throw out the Portuguese and British, and to end South Africa's control over Southwest Africa." The Soviet Union is said to have contributed more than $100,000 to help pay the cost of the Special Committee on Colonialism's tour of Africa, and Malik was reportedly accompanied on the trip by four observers, including two members of the Soviet secret police. Philip Jessup, American judge in the Court, is referred to as a "controversial former State Department official," who has "close ties with present high-level State Department authorities," and whose vote on the Southwest Africa case is being "closely watched" by "congressional observers" as a possible key to future US action.

On July 24, the *Chicago Tribune* Press Service released an article by William Fulton under the scare headline, "S. African Invasion Plan for UN Shocks Western Delegates." A week before, *Human Events*, said to have a circulation of more than 100,000 in conservative circles, declared that the "battle plan" of the "tax-exempt" Carnegie Endowment for International Peace "has the blessings of both Secretary General U Thant and the president of the General Assembly, Ghana's Alex Quaison-Sackey." It is possible that William Fulton first learned of the Carnegie study from the *Human Events* editorial. For example, while *Human Events* reports that "pro-Western diplomats are studying a curious, alarming document," Fulton has Western delegates "expressing incredulity and shock" over the Carnegie battle plan. The Fulton story in the *Tribune* omits the Allen and Scott fantasy regarding the conspiracy of the Special Committee on Colonialism, but it is picked up again in a *Tribune* editorial three days later which denounced the "incredible," "fantastic" and "insane" project of Thant and "a flock of bloodthirsty professors."

Mr. Fulton does not tell us who the Western delegates were who expressed "incredulity" and "shock," but their alarm seems a little belated since copies of the Carnegie study had been mailed three months before to all 115 delegations to the United Nations. Furthermore, the implication that African and Asian delegates either conspired in or endorsed the study is quite false. On the contrary, they did not like it because the total effect of the whole analysis makes the costs and difficulties appear so high that sanctions do not seem likely to be either feasible or effective. Since the objective of Africans is to get the United Nations to invoke sanctions, the Assembly's Special Committee on Apartheid greeted the study with silence. One African who did attack the Carnegie analysis was a professor who accused the authors of writing "what is essentially an apologia and plea in mitigation for South Africa" (Absolom Vilakazi in *Africa Report*, December, 1965). The UN "devil theory" is thus a figment of the imagination of its advocates.

One of the most curiously inverted imaginations turned out to be that of Barry Goldwater, or whoever wrote his syndicated column of August 8, 1965. While other critics contended that a UN invasion of South Africa would set a precedent for UN intervention in Mississippi, Goldwater's opening sentence declared that the Carnegie plan "clearly justifies the use of United Nations troops to invade the Soviet Union and Red China." He was also the first to note that the Carnegie Endowment was "once headed by Alger Hiss," a point emphasized by several others later. Accusing the "peace group" of a "brave willingness to cheer on a slaughter" in South Africa, Goldwater wrote that "for every death presumably," it "would mount a small celebration or at least dedicate a new study."

Goldwater had been fully informed of the nature and

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objectives of the study in a telegram from President Joseph E. Johnson of the Carnegie Endowment, who was sent an advance copy of the Goldwater column by one of the newspapers which publishes it. Goldwater made only two changes: the substitution of the word "could" for "should" at two points where he had written that the Carnegie group says that the United Nations "should" blockade South Africa and "should" destroy the power and government of its white citizens.

Vice Admiral Ruthven E. Libby in the *San Diego Union* of September 26, wondered whether the study "was commissioned by the UN or dreamed up by the Endowment staff on their own." His evidence of the former theory turned out to be that the UN and the Carnegie Endowment are located across the street from each other!

The second of the devil theories was that the State Department is the culprit, a view expounded first by Edith Kermit Roosevelt on July 31 in the *Shreveport Journal* (Shreveport, La.) and picked up from her column by others. The Carnegie study, she wrote, "has all the earmarks of a State Department 'grey' operation, meaning secretly official and openly unofficial." As evidence she mentions the fact that two of the professors who contributed chapters to the study were formerly State Department officials, and contends that the Carnegie document "dovetails with a similar paper drafted by the State Department's Policy Planning Council. . . ." Arguing that the Pentagon is "more and more . . . acting as an arm of the State Department," she cites as "a flagrant example of the ominous politicalization of the military . . . the key role played by a US army major in preparing the foundation report. . . ."

The Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union Leader*, which published the original Allen and Scott piece, picked up the Roosevelt theme on August 5, calling on the United States government to "repudiate this horrible plan for making war by the Carnegie Peace Foundation": "This nation has a right to know, at a time when American boys are dying in Vietnam to stop the Communist expansion in Asia, that an organization in this country is secretly plotting to have *more* American boys killed in Africa, not in the interests of peace but in the interests of forwarding the Communist conquest of that continent."

Council on Foreign Relations

A third theory, both incoherent and absurd, made the Council on Foreign Relations the devil. It appears in the September, 1965 issue of *The Anvil*, which describes itself as a conservative labor monthly published by the Labor Educational Association in New York. Mary Davison, in a diatribe entitled "CFR Plans Genocide in South Africa," accuses the "billionaire cartelists" of organizing the Council on Foreign Relations as a "control apparatus" over the foundations through which they evade taxes in a "highly organized racket." The CFR "World Empire" builders are accused of using the UN, which they also created, "to force the remaining free nations of the world into *their Soviet world empire*." The "Carnegie War Plan" for invading South Africa is a part of this plot. The Oppenheimers "intend to grab off as much loot as possible" out of the whole operation, and "the same is true of the American billionaires Engelhardt and Randall, and the other cartelists who are mingling their guaranteed 'investment' funds with the tax monies of the people of the United States as they buy up the continent of Africa."

A more carefully calculated exposition of the theory that the Council on Foreign Relations is the villain was set forth in the September issue of *The South African Observer*, a Pretoria monthly. Although South African officials dismiss the *Observer* as being extreme rightist and uninfluential, copies of each issue of the *Observer* are reportedly placed on the desks of every member of parliament, and it is sometimes quoted by parliamentarians in their speeches. The editor obviously had read many of the aforementioned American press attacks on the Carnegie study for he paraphrases several of them. With considerable additional research, however, he finds a good many other imaginary plotters in the "interlocking organizations" of the CFR, including "the Bilderberg Group which is the European component of the CFR," the African-American Institute, and the United States-South Africa Leader Exchange Program. He lists the names of many CFR members who are officers and trustees of these organizations of the three Carnegie foundations, and of the State Department, which has been under "effective control" of the CFR "since 1945." The "secret revolutionary purpose" of the CFR is said to be "a collectivist one-world."

Interestingly, the *Observer* is the only one of the critics who mistakenly attack Alan Pifer, acting president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, as one of those who are not only CFR and Leader Exchange Program members but who are "in large measure personally and directly responsible for the battle blueprint against South Africa." It is possible but unlikely that the *Observer* editor did not know that the Carnegie Corporation (Mr. Pifer) and the Carnegie Endowment (which published the study) are entirely separate organizations.

The fourth "devil" explanation of who was *really* responsible for the Carnegie "blueprint for war" blamed naïve, "liberalistic" elements who control and corrupt our foreign policy. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* of August 9 editorialized that the battle plan of

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the "Carnegie warhawks" "was hatched by a bunch of noodle heads," an "aggregate of bloodthirsty peace-lovers" led by a "warlike lady staff member." Alice Widener in *The Indianapolis Star* on September 18 termed "this meddlesome, pernicious and ghoulish" war plan "a nightmarish witches' brew of sheer devilment." Melvin Munn, in his *Life Line Munnscript No. 52* of September 9, wrote that "there is no way anyone can tell just what distorted ideas, upside-down morality, confusion or conscious evil could lead any American in or out of the United Nations to seriously propose such a policy."

It's All the Liberals' Fault

The most significant of the efforts to blame the Carnegie study on the "liberals" was the prospectus of the newly organized American-African Affairs Association (the AAAA recently sponsored a trip to Rhodesia by Rep. John Ashbrook [R, Ohio], Ralph de Toledano and Max Yergan, following which Mr. Ashbrook termed the government of Ian Smith "secure" and said US policy in Africa appears dedicated "to ideas that don't work"), dated September 13, which was mailed out of the office of the New York public-relations firm of Marvin Liebman. This is the latest in a number of conservative pressure groups organized by Liebman, including the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations, and the pro-Katanga secession lobby called the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters. Liebman had a part in engineering Goldwater's nomination for the presidency, and later "helped organize the American Conservative Union to maintain right-wing influence in the Republican Party," according to Richard Dudman in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* of September 23, 1965.

The AAAA prospectus was introduced by a letter signed by William A. Rusher, publisher of the conservative *National Review*, and by Max Yergan, head of the former Katanga secession lobby. The letter contended that we are losing the struggle with the Communists in Africa "because of the ignorance, cupidity and mischievous intent of those individuals, institutions, periodicals and organizations which are in effective control of American policies toward Africa."

The 54 names of officers, directors and members listed on the prospectus are a mixed group, including about 15 of the editors and contributors to the *National Review*, and several China specialists from the Committee of One Million. Africanists are conspicuous by their absence although several professors who have published conservative writings on Africa are included.

The wording of the AAAA "Memorandum" is artfully professional. The writers do not join the many who accuse the Carnegie warhawks of launching a battle plan for invasion – instead, they say the study "discussed, in detail, a proposal" to do so. In the context in which it appears, however, the AAAA working creates the same misleading impression. It must be pointed out in fairness that some of the criticisms of the Carnegie analysis may be based on a misunderstanding that is partly the fault of the Endowment and the authors. The six-page appendix on estimated costs and battle casualties stands alone at the end of the document without any of the qualifications embodied in Chapter VII on military measures which stress the fact that "in analyzing these broader military measures, we are in no sense advocating them...." Those critics who read only the appendix, or only skimmed the rest of the document, may have missed these qualifiers.

It remains to be seen how responsible the new conservative pressure group, the American-African Affairs Association will be. Since most Americans still take little interest in African affairs, the AAAA will have to compete with numerous other organizations for funds. One wonders where the AAAA expects to get the $70,000 "from African sources," which is cited in the proposed $161,000 budget for its first year of operation. Will it come from the Belgian interests in the Congo that supported the Katanga secession lobby? From South African government funds? Or from the South African Foundation, a private organization of South African businessmen? (Will the Foundation, which has decided not to carry out its reported intention of opening an office in New York, give the AAAA money instead?) Presumably Portugal and the rebel white government in Rhodesia are also potential donors to AAAA funds.

In any case, the AAAA raised enough money to release a second letter in January, 1966, signed by Max Yergan, contending that "American sanctions imposed to thwart Rhodesia's hopes of independence... are a dismaying indication of the dangerous dogmas which govern relations with Africa and its countries." With a neat semantic switch Yergan writes that much of our government's and people's knowledge of Africa is colored by "racist dogma (white Africans are always wrong; colored Africans are always right)...." The letter is accompanied by the AAAA's first publication, a reprint of two articles on "Red China in Africa" appearing in the Catholic monthly *Christian Order*. The two articles and the introduction by Thomas Molnar, chairman of the publications committee of the AAAA are factual surveys and they point out rightly that Africans have not succumbed to Chinese pressure. Interestingly the Yergan letter also states that all contributions to the AAAA are deductible from taxable income.

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THAILAND

Is This Something To Fall Back On?

by Alex Campbell

Bangkok

The rooftops of the city's 350 temples glitter with gold leaf under a burning tropical sun; yellow-robed priests teach the Lord Buddha's words of peace. From air bases north and northeast of the city, US bombers hammer at targets in North Vietnam and Thai airmen attack targets in Laos. US servicemen on leave from South Vietnam recuperate in the fleshpots of Bangkok. There are 14,000 US servicemen stationed in Thailand itself; this year the number is to double. A brand-new port is to be built south of Bangkok, to feed military supplies along the shiny highway that strikes 800 kilometers north to the Laos border. Bangkok, which already hosts the headquarters of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, is to have a 1,000-kilowatt radio station, the "Voice of Free Asia," a thin alias for the Voice of America; Thailand's biggest radio station now is a puny 50 kilowatts.

In the center of Bangkok there is a giant granite-and-marble monument, to "democracy." The word "Thai" means "free"; and for years a constant flow of distinguished visitors from the US have publicly acclaimed Thailand as a country with "a long tradition of freedom." Astronauts Frank Borman and Walter Schirra were the latest VIPs to visit, and in recent weeks Hubert Humphrey dropped in not once but twice. In fact, there have been no national elections in Thailand since 1957, and those were rigged. A Constituent National Assembly meets twice a week, in a capitol that looks like Washington's with oriental knobs on its dome. But all 240 assemblymen are appointed, not elected; they are picked from the army, the police and the public service, by the leader of the Revolutionary Party. All political parties, other than the Revolutionary Party, were abolished eight years ago.

Thailand has been making economic progress. The currency, the *baht*, is backed by $640 million in gold and foreign exchange, making some people wonder why Thailand still has to get about $60 million a year in US bilateral aid as well as a lot of World Bank money. Rice production has climbed from three to 10 million tons a year, and the number of factories from under 3,000 to over 33,000, all in about five years. A British businessman remarks, with satisfaction, to a Japanese businessman: "This place looks pretty stable, what? Good, firm government; no labor problems." The US evidently thinks so, too, and is happy about its solid footing here, when there is so much trouble and uncertainty all around. Actually, the US is about as well placed in Thailand as a man balancing on a not very secure rock in the deceptively dry bed of a stream that at any moment may become a raging torrent.

The mounting number of US servicemen, and the port and highway construction, threaten this still mainly small-farming country with serious inflation, but this may be the least of its worries. Thailand has no frontier with Vietnam, and despite its 1,000-mile border with Laos was not involved with the fighting there either. Now it's involved with both and the degree of its involvement steadily grows. Thailand has become a target of attack by Peking and Hanoi Radio – hence the giant new radio station which will soon begin barking back. It's significant that India was offered this radio facility first but refused it despite India's furious quarrel with China. The US air bases in Thailand give China and North Vietnam a powerful motive for driving the US out of Thailand and upsetting Thailand's present pro-American regime, if they can.

Two things make the US footing in Thailand slippery. One is that the people were never consulted. No one knows what they really think, for they have been silenced by their military rulers. If these military men lost out in some internal struggle, the US might find itself identified with a discredited military regime and without any broad support in Thailand. This unfortunately gives the US a reason to fear elections here, when the normal course would be for it to welcome them. Why risk elections when the status quo, though admittedly undemocratic, seems so satisfactory to the US? Americans in Bangkok are tempted to argue, and do, that the Thais aren't "ready" for democracy. This verdict is inevitably tinged with self-interest.

The other thing that makes the US position fragile is that the military clique and its financial allies on whom Washington leans so heavily may prove in a

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pinch to be unreliable. Everyone in this part of the world is watching Vietnam. In Laos, the desultory fighting between the Laotian government forces and the Pathet Lao has become a standoff, while both sides wait to see what is going to happen in Vietnam. Thailand is no exception. Thai businessmen let Americans know that if Vietnam goes, they will try to get themselves and their capital the hell out of here, as fast as possible. The Thai military hint that, if the Communists win in Vietnam, Thailand will have to reconsider its whole policy. The message is clear, and is meant to be. If it wishes to stay in Thailand, the US must not lose Vietnam. Keeping the US up to the mark in this way has two advantages from the Thai point of view. It keeps the fighting in Vietnam, and the dollars in Thailand. The Thais feel that's the way it should be.

Reciprocal Back-Scratching

Thailand never tires of calling itself the gateway of Southeast Asia. But this doesn't at all mean that the Thais make a practice of standing in the gate to defend it or die. In the 19th Century, Britain felt it couldn't let France have the gate; nor France, Britain. The result was that by tacit arrangement neither attacked Thailand, which alone in Southeast Asia was never a colony. When actually threatened, Thailand has tended to slap the key of the gate into the palm of whoever seemed about to grab it, like the Japanese in 1941. Thailand's reward from Tokyo for preemptive surrender was the return to Thailand of four Malay states that had been ceded to Britain in 1909, control over two Shan states belonging to Burma, and provinces of Laos and Cambodia that the Japanese forced Vichy France to hand to the Thais.

The man who cooperated with the Japanese military in the Second World War was a Siamese Caesar called Phibun Songkhram, who in 1947 overthrew a postwar civilian and democratic government in Thailand and was quickly recognized by the US. Phibun got US recognition and backing by screaming that the Communists were coming across the Mekong to seize the gateway of Southeast Asia. Eighteen years later, the Communists are still coming and will be here any minute now; or so the Thai government, now as then a military dictatorship, keeps telling the US. In response, the US keeps the aid flowing. The Thai military permit the US to bomb North Vietnam from Thai bases, and Thai planes attack in Laos, in return for US backing of their undemocratic rule, and for the continuing US aid of which they make sure they get their share.

US aid to Thailand, military and economic, with military aid predominant, has amounted to more than $1 billion since 1946. This made it possible for the last Thai strongman, the late Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, who died in 1963, to amass a personal fortune of nearly $150 million in only five years. American apologists for Sarit admire the way he rid the streets of Bangkok of stray dogs, and ordered summary executions of Chinese merchants who burned down their riverside warehouses in order to collect the insurance money. The apologists, who rarely fail to add that he also made the trains run on time, explain delicately that Sarit didn't take his $150 million out of US aid directly. What he did was transfer that amount from his country's kitty to his own, then make good the deficit with the US aid.

When Sarit died, his major widow wasn't content to share his huge estate with the late Field Marshal's 100 "minor widows" (mistresses). She tried to bag the lot for herself and there was a great court case. In the upshot, Sarit's army colleagues who were his successors got the money. No one doubts the graft continues, though perhaps not quite on Sarit's princely scale. It's said the current military clique have lately developed a passion for touring Australia, partly because they now own large chunks of Sydney and Melbourne. If one day they find themselves on the beach, they intend to go into exile well heeled.

They work their graft in two principal ways. Foreign construction companies are awarded fat contracts if they arrange suitable kickbacks, and additionally the generals have firms of their own in their wives' names which also get government contracts. The Thai national product of about $3.4 billion is rising at about six percent a year and the ruling generals skim off much of the cream for themselves. In order to stay in power, they depend entirely on the armed forces, and every officer in the three services gets two pay packets. One is his regular pay, which is low, the other is his special bonus from the current strongman. Power has shifted fairly smoothly, four or five times since Phibun seized it almost 20 years ago, but each time there has been a shift it has been because a rival general managed to lay hands on sufficient funds to make a better bid than the others.

The top man at present is the Prime Minister, General Thanom Kittikachorn, who succeeded Sarit, but the strongest man in the Kittikachorn government is the Interior Minister, General Prapart Charusathien, who is also Deputy Premier and Army C-in-C. General Prapart denies that US bombers take off from Thai bases against North Vietnam. He says the bombers use the bases "merely as fueling places," but nobody is fooled. At the same time, Prapart keeps the US on its toes and aware of his power by muttering from time to time that Thai foreign policy has always favored compromise and that his country cannot afford to quarrel seriously with any major country.

The Thais have an 85,000-man army, a nice little

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navy and a highly efficient small air force (F-86F fighter-bombers). But the light of war comes into General Prapart's eye only when Cambodia is mentioned. He is disgruntled because the International Court awarded possession of a border temple to Cambodia, not Thailand. Dean Acheson, who represented the Cambodians, will never be forgiven. Prapart says he lives only for the day when he will personally put back the Thai flag over the "stolen" temple. He has also toyed with the notion of making a direct assault on the Cambodian capital, Pnom Penh. He doesn't see why the US would object. "After all," he argues, "Prince Sihanouk is just a Communist stooge, isn't he?" The US has so far ignored this nudge.

As well as hating Cambodia, Prapart hasn't much time for *any* other neighboring country. "What has any one of them ever done for Thailand?" he demands, and replies, "Nothing!" He is sensitive about Peking's and Hanoi's accusations that he is an American stooge, and told recently arrived Peace Corps recruits, "Don't be too noticeable, or they will say once again that you Americans are running our country."

Prapart is 53 and has an unhappy physical resemblance to some Sicilian Mafia leader: swarthily handsome in a jowly way, with teeth that gleam and eyes that glint. He is said to crave respectability and popularity now he has reached so near the top, but both elude him. He would love to be Prime Minister but has no hope of winning support through the ballot box. He blandly denies there is much corruption in Thailand now, and talks vaguely about letting the people have a new constitution. The dummy Constituent Assembly has been discussing, for years, a constitution that is supposed to bring back democracy to Thailand, and it claims to be near the end of its task. In fact, elections are supposed to be going to be held next year. But Prapart has made his own stand clear. "There cannot be elections," he says, "until every single Communist has been rounded up." And he adds, "To hold elections too soon would be like wrenching a child untimely from the womb. The thing to avoid is undue haste."

Infiltration in the Northeast

Since at least 1961, the Communists are supposed to have been trying to "infiltrate" Thailand's northeast region. This incidentally is where the air bases are that the US uses. The US Embassy in Bangkok is convinced that recently the rate of infiltration has been seriously stepped up and that there are now definite indications of Viet Cong type activity and organization in the northeast villages. It wouldn't be surprising, in view of the existence and function of the bases and the general nature of the American military buildup in Thailand, if the Communists did try to subvert Thai peasants reachable across the Laos border, and raise hell generally, at little cost to themselves. Yet hard evidence of infiltration is remarkably lacking.

The northeast is dry, difficult country, with few roads but with jungles that are full of crocodiles and king cobras. Nevertheless, 10 million people live there, a third of the total population of Thailand. Their annual money incomes are less than half the national average, which is itself only $100 per capita, and in bad years they fall into the ruthless toils of money lenders. There have always been bandits in the northeast, now the rate of armed holdups is increasing, and 30 village chiefs are said to have been assassinated in the past 12 months. Living in the northeast are 40,000 Vietnamese who emigrated here rather than come under French rule again at the end of the Second World War. Their hearts still belong to Ho Chi Minh, whose picture decorates their homes.

But skeptics say the Vietnamese in the northeast are skilled cultivators who live better than the Thai peasants around them and are unlikely to be Communist guerrillas. Banditry always increases in bad times and a severe drought has cut the northeast rice production by a fifth. Reports of the captures of "Communist terrorists" are difficult to accept at face value because for years the authorities have described almost any armed person they nab as being a "Communist terrorist," and almost any troublemaker automatically is called a "Communist." Besides, the skeptics say, many of the persons triumphantly "rounded up" are subsequently let quietly go, having been "unjustly accused."

As well as rounding up suspects and moving whole villages to new sites, the Thai government is trying to improve life in the hard-bitten northeast by teaching new farm methods, supplying roads and irrigation and building schools. There are several catches, however. "Mobile development units" have flopped badly, for two reasons. Though most of the peasants own their own land, they are highly suspicious of officials from Bangkok whose real aim they believe is to collect more taxes; and they dislike change. More police as well as military have been sent to the northeast to increase security; but the police have a bad habit of calling the peasants to their faces filthy uncivilized pigs, making them squat on the ground in their presence, and making them call any policeman "master." General Prapart recently unconsciously revealed why the government's northeast program isn't doing very well. He said, "Until lately, I confess, we simply forced the peasants to build fences and latrines, but from now on we shall consult with them before doing so."

"If the Communists were seriously trying to undermine Thailand," says Khuang Aphaiwongse, who was four times Prime Minister and ran one of the most uncorrupt postwar administrations Thailand ever has

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had, "why would they begin in remote jungles and not in Bangkok?" where there is no trace of Communist activities despite the military's continual loud cries about Red conspiracies. But though no revolution impends in Thailand, the present political passivity is unlikely to last much longer. The people haven't always been passive, they had plenty to say – about foreign policy, neutrality, recognizing mainland China – before the military abolished the political parties and made a practice of arresting almost any political dissident as a "Communist" suspect. The present quiet is unnatural, and there are the beginnings of murmurings among the students of Bangkok's two big universities. Almost every Thai family owns a transistor radio, and people listen to what Peking and Hanoi are saying. The government has been forced to tell them more of the truth, to rebut "Communist lies."

The Risks of Freedom

Newspapers now may discuss politics, in a gingerly kind of way; a Bangkok editor says, "You can get away with a good deal provided you are careful to write so your readers find your true meaning between the lines." But how gingerly it all has to be was illustrated in February when former Prime Minister Khuang and King Bhumibol both happened to speak at Thammasat University in Bangkok under the auspices of a student group "for the preservation of Buddhist science and tradition."

King Bhumibol, who is 39, was born in Cambridge, Mass., and became king in June, 1946 after the mysterious murder of his reigning elder brother in Bangkok; nobody knows who killed him or why. Bhumibol's royal passion for the saxophone has long amused the West but in fact he is a serious-minded king who holds the country together and probably prevents the military rule becoming too oppressive.

At Thammasat, Khuang said boldly that if elections are held in South Vietnam next year but not in Thailand, it will be very shame-making for Thailand which believes itself to be the more advanced country. He also said there was too much difference between classes in Thailand and if the growing gap between the wealthy few and the rest was not narrowed trouble would follow.

King Bhumibol felt compelled to rebuke Khuang. He denied people in Thailand were divided into "big wigs and small fry," and said that to harp on class differences and to criticize the authorities was to run great risks. "Censure of the authorities," said the king, "can become a boomerang, inviting foreigners to come and 'liberate' us, which could mean putting us under their yoke." Then the king democratically joined the student orchestra with his saxophone; the queen played the piano. Most Bangkok newspapers found it expedient to agree with the king. They said Khuang, by his thoughtlessness and lack of prudence, had deserved the royal rebuke, though one charitably suggested Khuang perhaps hadn't realized "the diabolical implications of his statement that our country has a class structure." Another paper cleverly pointed out that the king's conduct was enough in itself to disprove Khuang's contention for "his majesty's performance on the saxophone was unaffected, he evidently had no thought of his own importance."

It's unlikely the younger generation of Thais will abide this sort of stuff much longer. When they turn against it, they may turn against the US too, since Washington remains so complacently blind to the flaws in the present setup and so determined to believe that the status quo which suits US policy is also best for Thais. The military clique running the nation may also find itself deserted by the highly able economists and other civilians now apparently subservient to it. They are trying to make Thailand a decent country, but their advice isn't often taken and they can do little about the military graft. The military need them, but many of them are beginning to wonder if they, and Thailand, really need military masterminds like General Prapart.

Former Prime Minister Khuang believes the enduring answer to Communism in a country like Thailand is the sort of national unity that comes through wide participation in affairs by the people, in other words political democracy. He admits there was corruption when Thailand had political parties but asks, "Who corrupted the legislators? The very people who are now in charge." Only genuine national unity can bring back into the country's mainstream the 10 million people in the northeast who now feel isolated; the half-million tribal people; the half-million Moslems in the south; and the 3.5 million Chinese who, though assimilated to the point that their children speak Thai not Chinese, can't help feeling proud that China is once again a great nation. To accuse those people of being "Communists" every time they speak up against the government is asking for trouble. It is inviting them to look toward Peking, which has already given sanctuary to one distinguished Thai politician in exile, Pridi Panomyong, who was Phibun Songkhram's great opponent.

But how would the US feel about elections in Thailand that resulted in a civilian Thai government with a somewhat more independent, less mechanically anti-Communist policy? Already the US is toying with the idea of falling back on Thailand if things go worse in Vietnam. Democracy in Thailand might get in the way. Ambassador Peurifoy called Phibun Songkhram Southeast Asia's ideal anti-Communist leader. That was more than 10 years ago, but there is little to suggest Washington's attitude to Thailand has greatly changed.

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Son of Faust

by Edward Grossman

We have heard the squares complain that one of the troubles with our fiction is that it is immoral, that it recommends violence, rape, and sharp practice in general, or, what is hardly better, that it is amoral, leaving the reader to judge the pros and cons for himself. That new wave, the non-fiction fiction, is not bringing help, either, as it appears the non-fiction novelist's disen-

Too Far to Walk
by John Hersey
(Knopf; $4.95)

gagement is central to his method. But John Hersey, now Master of Yale's Pierson College and no square, is immune from the square's complaint. Hersey writes fictions that instruct the reader in a slightly worried but ultimately reassuring and rational morality. Furthermore Hersey is so impeccably up-to-date that he might as well be taking his themes from the daily paper: militarism in *The War Lover*, genocide in *The Wall*, race war in *White Lotus*. In *Too Far to Walk*, Hersey has turned up the most contemporary subject going – those crazy college kids with their sex, drugs, and politics – and written what may be his most didactic book.

The protagonist John Fist, sophomore in a male college in a town that smells like New Haven, has come down with a bad case of identity crisis, aggravated by the need to choose his major. The companions of his freshman year have been outgrown; Fist's parents, consisting of a flaccid, impotent father who has made a small fortune in the fake antique business, and a possessive, hysterical mother who signs her letters "snuggles and hugs, Mummy," are a source of ennui for their son. In his earnest way Fist does not want responsibility, but sensation, experience, knowledge without departmental limit. He finds his Mephistopheles in a classmate, Chum Breed, who calls himself "the Spirit of Playing It Cool." Breed is the complete cynic, he has "ball-bearing eyes." He bewitches poor Fist and for the price of his soul promises to give him all he desires. They consummate their pact at midnight. Fist scrawls his signature in blood.

The rest of this short book describes Fist's intense disappointment with all Breed procures for him – carnal knowledge, petty thievery, callousness, alienation. Even LSD, the 1966 model of the philosopher's stone, will not do. Its hallucinatory touch is only momentarily wonderful; then it transforms everything to horror and guilt: A Southeast Asian guerrilla-type war in which Fist's major (his father) is picked off by a sniper. A visit to an asylum, where Fist himself is immured. Worst of all, a spaceship ride to a witches' Sabbath.

When Fist comes down to earth from the LSD, he has had the tour of the universe he craved. He also has a hangover. But unlike his namesake, Fist does not pay the terrible price for his hubris. On the contrary. *He* tells Breed-Mephisto to go to Hell: "I can't go on living in a world that's on a knife-edge between hallucination and objective truth. . . . You sold me a bill of goods. You sold me illusions. I prefer the real world, crummy as it is." Breed laughs to scorn, and asks about those great sensations. "But all that was artificial," Fist parries. "That's my real complaint. I've come to see that there can't be any shortcut to those breakthroughs I yearn for. You can't imbibe them, or smoke them, or take them intravenously, or get them by crossing your legs and breathing deeply for twenty minutes. I guess you just have to work like hell for them, grub for them with the other grubs, and maybe you won't have them even then. But they aren't worth having any other way."

We expect Breed to mutter "Curses!" Hersey has foiled him with the classical verities – sobriety, decency, clarity of thought. Hersey has seen that sloppy behavior and thought are popular with the younger generation. Better discipline yourself, he is telling it. The advice is good, but for good reasons it is not likely to be taken. A book with a predominantly moral purpose, such as this one, must be its own example. In the face of decadence Hersey is asserting the sterner virtues of humanism. So his writing, the elementary form of persuasion, ought to have discipline and verisimilitude, even within the rhetorical context of parable. Instead, the writing is careless. "A feeling of exultation was swelling. . . ." On a reading list: "Five to seven endless tomes a not-endless week." Also, Hersey's ear is unreliable. Yalies talk funny, it's true. But such expressions as "Holy cow!" "Brother!" and "That's really super!" are the writer's fault, not the characters'. Undergraduates who read this stuff will feel misrepresented, and, if they finish the book, patronized, for Hersey disposes of their problems with unseemly ease. In fact, the Faust-device that carries the story on its back may strike some undergraduates as so clever and jovial that they will write the writer off as an adult.

If *Too Far to Walk* will find an appreciative audience, I suspect it will not be

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Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

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on campus, but back home with Mom and Dad, who will have their natural or morbid curiosity allayed in respect to their offsprings' lives, and will be reassured that fooling around with the Devil is not a truly deadly business. I do not think Hersey meant his book to serve this purpose, at least not mainly. He wanted rather to teach the children. Unfortunately, few inhabitants of Pierson College are going to take this particular lesson from their Master.

Mother's Day in Fort Worth

by Paul Richard

In February, 1964, after delivering six hours of nearly uninterrupted testimony before the patient members of the Warren Commission, Mrs. Marguerite Oswald succeeded in astonishing the lawyer who was escorting her from the Commission's headquarters to a waiting limousine. She suddenly left his side, veered away from the exit, and marched towards a group of reporters, microphones and television cameras she had spotted in the hallway. "I have not finished my story," she assured the press.

A Mother in History
by Jean Stafford
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $3.95)

Since the moment when she first learned of Lee Harvey Oswald's arrest in Dallas – and responded by placing a call to the local newspaper – Mrs. Oswald has been a public performer. She appears on late night radio talkathons and on television, and she has taken to offering rambling and unsolicited observations on the "American Way of Life" to newspapers and magazines. Since the Dallas murders she has been conducting a one-woman campaign to prove the innocence of her son – a campaign that has succeeded only in convincing the general public that she is a disturbed and talkative lady whose peculiar flights are characterized by mawkish self-pity and unflappable self-confidence. She inspires not only pity, but furious irritation as well. One suspects that her son's decisions to move to Russia, to distribute pro-Castro literature, and later to pull the trigger, were governed by a compulsive desire to infuriate his compatriots. Mrs. Oswald, too, seems thoroughly to enjoy destroying the equanimity of others.

Jean Stafford, who spent three days in Mrs. Oswald's Fort Worth home conducting an interview for *McCall's* magazine, came away mightily vexed. I don't know why Miss Stafford decided to celebrate her annoyance by enlarging the interview and enclosing it in hard covers. It makes a petty and altogether disagreeable little book.

During their first visit, Miss Stafford attempted to conduct a conversation. She returned the following day with a tape recorder into which, with apparent gusto, Mrs. Oswald poured an uninterrupted monologue of anecdotes and strange theoretical ramblings. Holding the microphone herself, Mrs. Oswald announced that her daughter-in-law was not Russian as reported, but French instead. Marina Oswald not only looked French, but "of course, she knew a little French too."

Nor was Lee Harvey what he seemed. It is possible, Mrs. Oswald insisted, that her boy was working for the Secret Service as a Secret Agent. "As we all know, President Kennedy was a dying man. So I say it is possible that my son was chosen to shoot him in a mercy killing for the security of the country. And if this is true, it was a fine thing to do and my son was a hero."

While the revolving wheels were absorbing these disclosures, Miss Stafford was sitting across the room, thinking of other things. "My brains were scrambled," she explains to her readers.

> ". . . I could get no foothold in Mrs. Oswald's reminiscences, and yet, while my mind roved aimlessly every which way, it remained here in this room and on this day. . . . Usually, when I am totally bewildered (this happens to me often at the opera and ninety-two percent of the time when I am listening to a learned paper or a political speech)

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I can get my bearings by reciting the names of the states or by declining a *stark mannlich* noun (I use *der Stuhl*) and then a *schwach weiblich* one (*die Frau*) and a *gemischt sachlich* one (*das Ohr* is as good a castrato as any); but today I couldn't summon up more than a score of states, and German declensions were quite out of the question. So I went back to following the leader on my great leaden clodhoppers."

Miss Stafford explains that her distraction did not adversely affect the interview since Mrs. Oswald, "accustomed as she was to public speaking" was more than willing to ignore her guest and speak directly to the tape recorder. She had "at no time expressed the slightest curiosity about me," Miss Stafford complains. "I feel quite sure that if one day I had turned up wearing a beard she would have paid no attention."

Sitting there while Mrs. Oswald talked and talked was an embarrassing and unrewarding experience. So is reading a transcript of the interview. The "exclusives" Miss Stafford hoped to get never materialized. The tape recordings she came away with contained nothing of substance that could alter what one had already known, or suspected, of the Oswald family. The monologue that fills this book is exactly the same sort of neurotic verbiage that other reporters had listened to and then tastefully ignored.

Speaking of the assassination, Miss Stafford insists that "we need to know the influences and accidents and idiosyncracies that were the ingredients making up the final compound." The only knowledge one can hope to obtain from Miss Stafford's book is that Lee Harvey Oswald had a confused, self-righteous and lonely mother. If she hangs herself in these pages, it is only because Miss Stafford has given her the rope and the opportunity to do so.

Huxley to his Friends

by Frank Getlein

We rarely collect and publish this kind of memorial volume in the United States and it's a pity. Shortly after Aldous Huxley died (on the day of President Kennedy's assassination) a memorial service was held at which David Cecil, Kenneth Clark, Stephen Spender and Julian Huxley spoke and Menuhin played the Bach Chaconne. From that service of memory and hom-

Aldous Huxley: 1894-1963
edited by Julian Huxley
(Harper & Row; $4)

age came the idea of the book, an idea more natural to the English than to us and one especially appropriate for Aldous Huxley. Julian Huxley has solicited short essays or memoirs or tributes or descriptions from better than two dozen people who knew Aldous Huxley at one point or another of his life. It's a varied list and includes Eliot and Isherwood, Sybille Bedford and Anita Loos, Leonard Woolf and Gerald Heard, Isaiah Berlin and Robert Hutchins, Menuhin and Stravinsky, schoolmates, students and Dr. Max Cutler, who attended him in his last illness. Nobody attempts anything like a definitive – or even an adequate – essay on the life and work. Each recollects in tranquillity the effect upon him of the subject in person and in his writing.

For the two, according to the testimony here, could not be separated. The two main classes of contributors came to their subject in exactly opposite ways: they were family, friends, associates or students who were suddenly opened to the beginning and sustained volume of published writing, which they found to be Huxley in print with the same qualities they loved in his conversations; or, they were readers who suddenly encountered their author and found no break in continuity from the discourse of the printed page to that of the host or guest.

That unbroken continuity characterized Huxley's life in letters. The novels are marvels of invention but within

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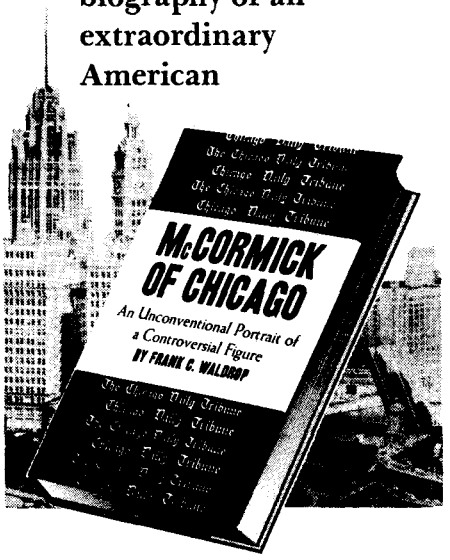

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them and under them there proceeds, always, the same intellectual inquiry that marks the essays. Occasionally one has the irritated feeling that the novel in hand has been forgotten about entirely as the author, thinly disguised in one of the characters, holds forth for pages on themes that were eventually to find their better statement in Huxley's perennial philosophizing. His way with language was sure, direct, lucid and compelling, but the structure of the books was usually experimental in a severely intellectual way: the scrambling of time, the juxtapositions of long extracts from journals with brief passages of amatory dalliance, the cinematic cutting and countercutting of *Brave New World*. The technique of the last, with its own ironic juxtapositions of opposites, has never received the attention it deserves, has been lost sight of in the shock value of the author's vision of the impending future. Indeed, in *Brave New World Revisited*, Huxley himself seemed to have made the same kind of acceptance of content as all in the earlier work.

Huxley is too little read these days, too little thought of at all by people who take seriously the quest for meaning that was his own life-long enterprise. It is hard to fault Huxley for his present decline in fashion – a decline, incidentally, that doesn't seem to affect in the least his continued presence in depth in the paperback stalls of air terminals. The problem is simply one of changing fashions in prophecy, for Huxley was a prophet, a role he received through inheritance. He grew up in the memory of the family advocacy of Darwin and its participation in the great Darwinian revolution in popular understanding of science. His brother Julian went directly into science and into the administration of science, itself a field undreamt of when the Darwinian revolution began. But Aldous continued and brought to a new level of achievement the fusion of literature and science, or of science and the humane sensibility, that were his family tradition. He preached the new sciences, and did so until his death, with the same passion for understanding and for general enlightenment that the older Huxley had brought to his preaching of Darwin. At the same time, Aldous looked back to the whole tradition of letters and arts and sources for personal illumination, in this again following an ancestor, Matthew Arnold.

The combination seems irrelevant to today's seekers after prophets, who tend to seek enlightenment chiefly within their own uninstructed sensibilities and within such mirror images of those sensibilites as may appear in poetry and on the platform.

Yet Huxley, who arrived, eventually, at using and investigating some of the hallucinatory drugs, saw such usage as an extension of the heightened consciousness he knew already from art, literature and music, from philosophy and religious experience. The new drugs were never conceived by him to be substitutes for the life of the mind; they were aids to it. They were also, of course, tools and early hints of an entirely new understanding of the complicated relations between mind and body which fascinated Huxley throughout his work.

Like all prophets, Huxley's main direction was not really to the wonders or horrors of the future, but to the state of the human heart right now, and to the state the human mind right now is reducing its world to. Huxley prophesied in the sensational way and had the dismal prophet's reward of seeing his worst fears for us begin to be realized. But his chief prophecies were to the hearts of his hearers and to their dawning realization of the kind of world they were in already.

Huxley was supreme at that last, in novels and essays both. But always, also prophet-like, he saw the possibilities in man and preached to his dying day the need to explore and realize the potential. Child of a Victorian world that combined an intelligent reverence for the best that has been thought and said with a burning faith in the new age to be brought in by science, Aldous Huxley was close to being the last prophet able to operate freely between those two poles. Those who today ignore Huxley may be quite right in assuming him to be of a different time from theirs, but the loss is their own. All his life he filled himself with the best that had been thought and said and painted and sung, and he explored faithfully whatever science had to offer man's expanding consciousness. From early blindness to late disaster, he met trouble with the grace and gallantry, with the intelligence and curiosity, that he himself preached from his sources in art and science.

Anita Loos reports that when, in the last years of his life, Huxley was wiped out of all his papers and possessions by a California forest fire, he replied to the question that he chiefly felt "extraordinarily *clean*." That was prophecy in the great tradition.

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JULES FEIFFER

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AND I USED TO SAY TO THE WORLD:
LISTEN, WORLD! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LICK ME, WORLD! I'M OUT TO BUY ME A DREAM!
A GOLDEN DREAM, WORLD! A STEADY JOB! YEAH! WHERE A MAN CAN USE HIS HANDS! YEAH! AND BUY CLOTHES FOR HIS WIFE! YEAH! AND FOOD FOR HIS CHILD!
A LOVER'S DREAM, WORLD! A SMALL HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY! YEAH! A WHITE PICKET FENCE! YEAH! A DOG FOR OUR KID! YEAH! A FAMILY CAR!
YOU LISTENING, WORLD? I'M GONNA SEND ROCKETS TO THE MOON! TEAR STARS OUT OF THE SKY! PUT MY NAME UP IN LIGHTS! YEAH, WORLD, YEAH!
AN AMERICAN DREAM.
SO NOW I MAKE 50,000 A YEAR, OWN A TOWN HOUSE AND A COUNTRY ESTATE, KEEP AN EXPENSIVE SECOND WIFE AND RAISE A TALL, HANDSOME SON-
WHO HAS GONE TO EUROPE FOUR TIMES, TO THREE PRIVATE SCHOOLS, ONE IVY LEAGUE COLLEGE AND HAS OWNED FIVE DIFFERENT CARS SINCE HE WAS SIXTEEN-
AND HE SAYS TO THE WORLD:
I'M DROWNING.
SON OF THE DREAM.
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TELEVISION

What the Housewife Sees

I must confess that I was unable to get too worked up by Fred Friendly's decision to quit CBS when that network refused to air George Kennan's Vietnam testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The high ethical gloss that Mr. Friendly put on his action lost some of its luster when it was later revealed that the affair started as a matter less of principle than of corporate politics, a casual network bloodletting in which Mr. Friendly came off second best to CBS's new strongman, John A. Schneider. What did interest me was Mr. Schneider's statement that he had vetoed the Kennan hearing because "the housewife isn't interested." However debatable the intellectual merits of Mr. Schneider's position, as a businessman he was dead on.

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For some time now, I have been a student of daytime television, in part because I start slowly in the morning, in part because I am a born procrastinator. As an exercise in selling, it is a thing of beauty, an electronic lobotomy designed to insure that mindless passivity which can best receive a sales message. According to the latest figures, daytime TV reaches an audience of some thirteen million people, the bulk of them homemakers, the rest invalids, the aged, night workers, the retired and the unemployed. Forget the splinter groups. It is the housewife with whom the network Schneiders are concerned. Her interest is never meant to be actively engaged, for daytime TV is like programmed music, a kind of visual Muzak tuned to the rhythm of Everywoman, erasing every particle of sales resistance from her mind. Even more than nighttime programming, it is geared to the short attention span, the quick glimpse garnered between the dishes and the ironing, with the result that the networks can slip in twice as many commercials as they can nocturnally. This endless sell for laxatives, detergents, ready mixes, cough cures and geriatric pills brings in enormous revenue; CBS alone, for example, stood to lose $175,000 if it had cancelled its schedule the day that Ambassador Kennan testified before the Foreign Relations Committee. But the real genius of daytime TV is its tempo, a tempo devised to reflect and exploit all the emotional valleys and peaks across which a woman travels during the day's course. Eighteen soap operas, thirteen game and panel shows, a smattering of reruns, exercise programs and talk shows, each perfectly timed to jibe with a housewife's constantly fluctuating moods of depression, envy, greed, exhilaration and fatigue.

Take an ordinary day. The alarm clock rings, the post-sleep fog settles in, but there is Hugh Downs and the "Today" show to lead you through the vapors. Mr. Downs is the perfect antidote for night-jangled nerves, as low-keyed as the voice on one of those foreign language records put on to teach French-while-you-sleep, but eminently more forgettable. He is a poet of the unexceptional, a walking glossary of truisms on every subject from hallucinogens to the Green Berets. His job is to wake you up, to prepare you for the intellectual cold shower of Judith Crist, the "Today" show's resident critic and the woman other women love to hate. Miss Crist is the iconoclast of the *kaffeeklatsch* and her peculiar gift is that she is able to make each succeeding banality sound like an *aperçu*. Snorting cigarette smoke like a dragon, she rips away at what seem to her the basic icons of Western civilization, such as the belief Out There that *The Sound of Music* is a good movie. Her apparent conviction that she is beleaguered by the philistines jolts the housewife into a mounting fury that convinces her for the first time that she is not only awake, but alive.

Mrs. America is now braced for the day. If she is beset by drooping bosom and spreading hips, she might dial in a local exercise quarter hour. The program for the morning is "Relieving Tension and Releasing Trapped Energies Through Scientific Stretching." One, Two, Three, Four, a quick cigarette, a third cup of coffee and the antennae are ready to receive both the overt and subliminal commercial messages. For openers, to relieve the monotony of housework, there is always time to snatch a look at *Eye Guess* or *Concentration* or *Market Sweep* or *Jeopardy* or *Post Office*. This carnival of game shows reiterates with the insidious subtlety of a laugh track one recurring theme: a woman's place is in the home and there is no greater fulfillment than waxing, dusting, vacuuming, shopping, a new Hotpoint kitchen or Bendix washer-dryer. The viewer, in fact, is not a woman at all; she is a consumer. (This is a notion developed at somewhat paranoid length by Betty Friedan in *The Feminine Mystique*, which argues that the entire economy is a conspiracy to enslave women in the home.) Nothing is left to chance. The contestants are always women with whom the housewife can supposedly identify, women with names like Gayle

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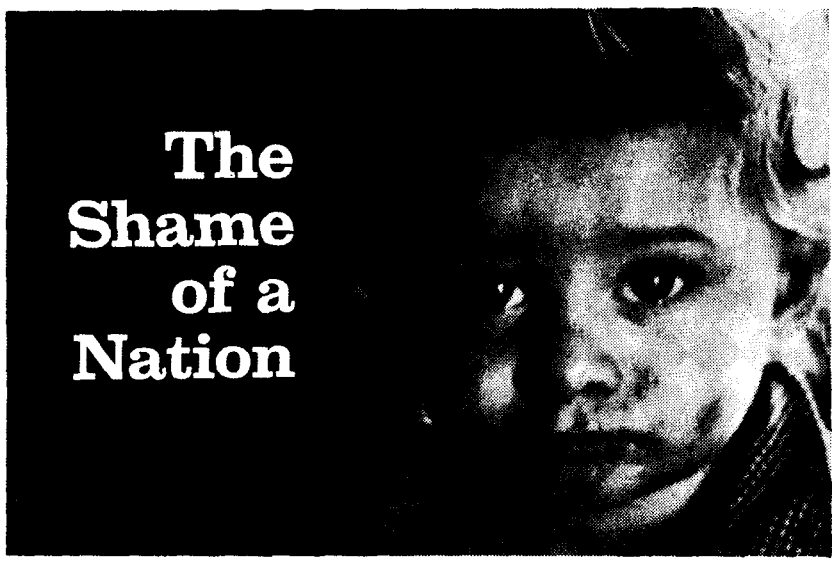
and Sherri and Sandy in last year's dresses, harlequin glasses and hair styles several seasons out of date. If Sandy is not married, she is usually a nurse or schoolteacher, the only two careers that the producers seem to consider safe. The only skill involved in playing the various games is in mastering their arcane rules. In general, there is an answer board which the contestants are allowed to glimpse quickly before it is blocked over. Questions are then asked and the contestant must try to remember which block contained the right answer. There is no premium on intelligence; the whole "fun" of the shows is in guessing the wrong answer. Thus, asked what Hubert Humphrey wore when receiving an honorary degree, a woman on *Eye Guess* received a hearty laugh when she picked the block that said, "A space suit." It didn't matter. Since the whole purpose of the game shows is to trot out the goods, even the losers go home laden with a set of matched luggage or second-rate encyclopedia or eight place settings of cheap china.

By lunch time, if all this condescension has begun to get on the housewife's nerves, she can always tune in on Virginia Graham's *Girl Talk*. Plump and peroxided, Miss Graham will never be confused with Mme. De Stael, but at least her horizons extend beyond the kitchen. Though her guests tend to run to the likes of Dr. Joyce Brothers, she does occasionally bring on a writer or dancer or old movie star like Blanche Sweet and the conversation sometimes overlaps into wife-swapping in the suburbs or the morals clause in Hollywood contracts. On social outrages, she treads warily. Not long ago she cut off an impassioned guest with the line, "*That* we can't go into, because we had it on recently, the injustices done to people."

If Miss Graham is the housewife's equivalent of two martinis for lunch, the soap operas that follow are the inevitable hangover, a dramatic manifestation of the mid-afternoon blues. The soaps begin with certain basic premises: every American woman sees herself as a member of the middle class; she cannot identify with anyone better off than she is, but she does derive a certain satisfaction from seeing people worse off. In soap opera towns like Woodridge and Oakdale, rape, abortion, incest, thievery, alcoholism, drug addiction and prison are the lot of anyone who wanders far from the ironing board. A woman of wit, intelligence, and especially ambition is either evil or doomed for disaster. Nobody reads a book or goes to a concert and servants, if there are any, are peppery and regarded as members of the family. The only apparent minority group is the Irish, and the town Irishman is usually a lovable old fellow with a brogue given to such maxims as, "Boyhood is more than softball." It is difficult to discover what anyone does in the soaps. Office scenes are confined to flipping on the intercom and inquiring, "Has Stan Manning arrived yet?" There might be a sales chart behind the questioner's desk, but before you discover what his business is, Stan Manning has arrived to discuss where he should take his wife for a reconciliation dinner.

On most soaps, the cast credits are



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given only once a week so that the viewer is forced to think of the actors as Stan Manning or Amy or Bill Matthews. As even the most loyal viewer can't be expected to watch every day, the plot line is constantly repeated. Even then, the two most important words in soap opera dialogue are "You mean," as in:

"If she were too old to have a baby, she wouldn't have had a baby."
"You mean . . . she *wanted* this baby."

There are no limits beyond which a character can be pushed. Listen to Bill Matthews talking to his mother in *Another World:*

"Isn't it a little unfair to assume the worst?"
"About Patricia? An abortion, a pregnancy out of marriage and a murder. Did I have to assume the worst about Patricia those times? We've never had a breath of scandal in this family until lately."

For the housewife whose only breath of scandal has been a daughter caught smoking in the school gym, it is comforting to consider Patricia visiting some quack with knitting needles.

And so the day ends, a day in which a woman has been programmed to believe that the only true reward for her sex is in the home, a day which casts suspicion on any life beyond husband and children and which brands any desire for independence as indecent. A woman who has had it constantly drummed into her that she could be a lot worse off is a woman totally receptive to a sales message. As a social vacuum, she probably would not be interested in the Kennan testimony. Pierce the vacuum and an aroused mind might become antagonistic and sales resistant. After all, $175,000 a day is not soap suds.

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

RECORDS

Back from Stravinsky

Stravinsky's account of *Le Sacre du printemps*, in the book *Expositions and Developments* that he and Robert Craft put together, ends with the statement – even more moving as he speaks it on a record of the Columbia album – that whereas Berg, Webern and Schoenberg "were supported by a great tradition, . . . very little immediate tradition lies behind *Le Sacre du printemps*. I had only my ear to help me. I heard and I wrote what I heard. I am the vessel through which *Le Sacre* passed." But the mind through which *Le Sacre* passed is heard operating also in the works that have a relation to immediate tradition. Elements derived from Rimsky-Korsakov and other Russian predecessors have been pointed out in the early *L'Oiseau de Feu;* but one hears in it also what the Stravinsky mind makes of them – the precisely and beautifully wrought and fascinating detail that is Stravinsky's, not his predecessors'. And in his most beautifully made, most expressive and most affecting score, *Le Baiser de la Fée*, written twenty years later, one hears the operation of that mind in the reworking of the fragments of Tchaikovsky piano pieces and songs, as well as in the context of Stravinsky's own marvelously imagined invention into which the reworked Tchaikovsky materials are integrated. The new performance of this work on Columbia ML-6203 (mono) has the characteristic clarity, power and tension that Stravinsky is still able to get from the assembled orchestra, and has brighter, more distinct sound than the old one on ML-5102; but Stravinsky hurries parts of the work this time, and I prefer the unhurried old performance, which in addition has the finer playing of the Cleveland Orchestra, and in particular the superior and more clearly heard playing of the solo horn at the end. Also, since the work is a ballet score the synopsis of the ballet action on the envelope of ML-5102, but not on the

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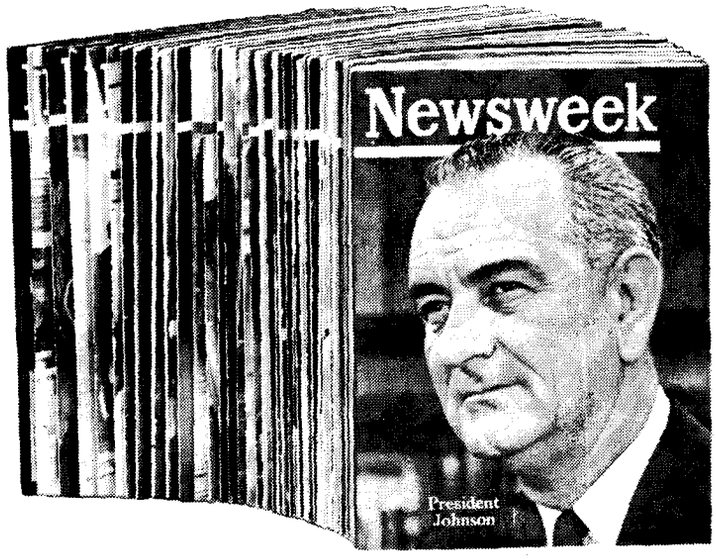

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envelope of ML-6203, is very helpful in listening to it.

The performance of Berlioz's *Requiem* on Columbia M2L-330 and M2S-730, paced acceptably by Ormandy, has beautiful playing by the Philadelphia Orchestra, callow-sounding singing by the youngsters of the Temple University Choirs, and Cesare Valletti's fine delivery of the tenor solo in the *Sanctus* – though with strain in his ascent to high B-flat.

Another good performance of Chopin's Concerto No. 1, by Tamàs Vàsàry with the Berlin Philharmonic under Semkow, is on Deutsche Grammophon 19-453 and 136-453, with spirited performances of four Mazurkas.

A few years ago I reported remarkable performances of Chopin's Concerto No. 1 and Sonata Op. 35 on Epic records by a young Pole, Adam Harasiewicz, who had won the 1955 Warsaw competition in which Vladimir Ashkenazy placed second. He was never brought here, and the further Harasiewicz recordings of Chopin that Philips issued in Europe were not issued here by Mercury; but I have managed to hear a few. And I can report a superb performance of the Sonata Op. 58 on Fontana 698,055 (mono), with good performances of a few smaller pieces, but a rather frenetic Scherzo in C-sharp minor; excellent performances of the 24 Etudes, except for occasional excessive retardations in a few of them, on 698,068, and of the 24 Preludes, except for the unconvincing alternation of two tempos in No. 10, on 698,089; and equally good performances of the G-minor Ballade, Impromptu Op. 51 and a few Mazurkas, but a rushed and bangy performance of the A-flat Polonaise on 698,041. A few of the Nocturnes on A-02340-41 (mono) are played beautifully; but I can't go along with the distorting of phrases, in Op. 15 No. 2, by the hurrying of their first bars, or with the agitated playing of the opening pages of Op. 27 No. 2 and Op. 48 No. 1, in disregard of the character of the music and Chopin's markings of Lento sostenuto for the first and Lento and mezza voce for the second, or with the changes in the tempo of processional middle part of Op. 48 No. 1 that should be maintained unchanged. These suggest that as he is getting older Harasiewicz is losing the innocence which, in his youth, produced the straightforward, unaffected inflection of phrase, the grace and elegance achieved with only the subtlest tempo rubato, that contrasted so impressively with the traditional mannered playing of Chopin.

Schnabel's superb playing of Mozart is heard in the Sonatas K.310, 332 and 570 and the extraordinary Rondo K.511 on imported Pathé COLH-305; but the occasional flaws in that playing are also heard – in the first movement of K.310, which is at times excessively turbulent and rhythmically blurred, and in the opening of the second movement, in which Schnabel makes his adagio tempo work, but in which Mozart's andante would work even better.

The best of Bach's sonatas for violin and harpsichord, No. 3, is performed well by David Oistrakh and Hans Pischner on Deutsche Grammophon 18-989 (mono). The reverse side has the Sonata No. 2, of which only the third movement is interesting.

A new group, the Weller Quartet, plays Beethoven's Quartets Op. 74 (*Harp*) and Op. 95, on London CM-9431 (mono), with a complete musical grasp and a perfection of ensemble operation that recalls the playing of the Budapest Quartet twenty years ago. Unfortunately the performances are reproduced without the spaciousness, clarity and brightness one now expects.

And the violinist Alexander Schneider leads a group – comprising in addition Michael Tree, viola, David Soyer, cello, Julius Levine, bass, and Peter Serkin, piano – in an excellent performance of Schubert's Quintet Op. 115 (*Trout*), on Vanguard VRS-1145 and VSD-71145. I prefer the sound of the mono version.

Fischer-Dieskau and Joerg Demus operate marvelously together in Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle, on Deutsche Grammophon 39-109 and 139-109; but the singer's expressiveness reaches an occasional excessive vehemence that makes this performance less attractive than the one the two artists recorded some years ago, which may be still available in Europe on 18-370.

And on imported Odeon SME-91418 (stereo only) Fischer-Dieskau offers beautiful performances, with Gerald Moore, of familiar and unfamiliar songs of Schubert: *Du bist die Ruh', Der Juengling an der Quelle, Fischerweise, Des Fischers Liebesglueck, An die Laute* and *Die Forelle,* among others, a few of which are uninteresting. A greater number of good songs on SME-91419 includes *Das Lied im Gruenen, Litanei, Der Tod und das Maedchen, Auf dem Wasser zu singen* and *Das Heimweh.*

The beautiful tenor voice of the young Torsten Ralf and the lovely soprano of Tiana Lemnitz are heard in duets from *Lohengrin* and *Otello* (in German) on Rococo 5233; and Ralf sings additional excerpts from *Otello,* the Prize Song from *Die Meistersinger* and less valuable pieces. And Rococo 5232 has fine performances by the tenor Rogatchevsky of arias from *Orpheus, Armide, The Pearl Fishers, Lohengrin* and several Russian operas.

B. H. HAGGIN

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FILMS

Pasolini's Passion

Pier Paolo Pasolini, who was born in 1922, is an eminent Italian novelist, poet, film writer, and film director. He is also a Communist. At the Venice Film Festival a year and a half ago, when I first saw his film, *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, there were Catholic and neo-fascist pickets outside the hall protesting that this atheistic Red had dared to sully this sacred subject. When Pasolini was introduced before the showing, as every director is, some well-rehearsed agitators in the audience jumped to their feet and started blowing whistles. They were ejected, but more trouble was foreseen. Then the picture started, and everybody shut up.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew
(Continental)

Eventually the film won, among other prizes, the International Catholic Film Office Award.

Pasolini, the atheistic Communist, had beaten his opponents by making the best film about Jesus in cinema history. He has not given us a Marxist or merely humane Jesus; this is Matthew's Jesus. It might have been expected that Pasolini would act on Rousseau's advice: "Get rid of the miracles, and the whole world will fall at the feet of Jesus Christ." This film does not "get rid" of the miracles. Pasolini has woven them, seamlessly, into his earthy film. That is one of his triumphs.

In his novels Pasolini is particularly noted for his use of Roman dialect and low life. (Fellini called on him to do some of the dialect dialogue in *The Nights of Cabiria*.) *Accatone* and *Mamma Roma*, two previous films of his that I saw in Italy and which have not been released here, deal in blunt terms with a Roman criminal and whore. His film about Jesus has in a sense a spiritual connection with those two previous films, through his conviction (more Christian than Communist) that, if one believes certain basic principles, then no one – *not anyone at all* – may be rejected or despised.

His technique here is the same as in those earlier works both in photography and direction – the naturalistic, cinema-truth approach. The film looks like a quasi documentary; none of the actors wears make-up, the lighting is often blunt, the film sometimes grainy. The location he chose is rocky Calabria in southern Italy. Some of his actors are recognizable from his earlier gutter films. (Herod is a man who was some sort of hood in the first picture.) Most of the cast are nonprofessionals. Nathalia Ginzberg, the novelist, is Mary of Bethany. Most persons in smaller parts and the extras are, in the neo-realist tradition, craggy-faced peasants.

Jesus is played by a young Spanish student who satisfied Pasolini's two requirements: an El Greco face and no professional ambition as an actor. Mary the Mother is played by two women, a young one and an old. The older one is Pasolini's own mother, and before the eager analysts leap to tell us that Pasolini did this because he has subconsciously cast himself as Jesus, we can note that the single most piercing moment in the film is Mary's agony as she sees the cross raised – whether or not one knows that she is Susanna Pasolini.

The artistic sources of Pasolini's film are clear. First, he is following in the tradition of all those painters of the Renaissance and after to whom the Gospel story was an event of their own lives and who used their family and friends and countryside to certify this fact. Second, he is continuing the Italian film tradition of neo-realism, extending it for the first time (so far as I know) into the historical – to cut through the religiosity of previous film treatments of the story and to emphasize Jesus as Man – the Incarnation.

The paradoxical result is that Pasolini's frank, vernacular texture achieves the religious spirit. When painters stopped tacking gold plates on the backs of the heads of the Holy Family and the saints, those figures – with some exceptions before and after the change – became less iconic and more beatific. So with Pasolini.

There are a number of egregious technical shortcomings in the film. The dubbing of the dialogue – in Italian – is frequently noticeable, particularly in the case of Jesus. The editing is sometimes jagged. Pasolini overuses the zoom effect with his camera. The score is a hodgepodge of Bach, Mozart, Webern, Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky*, and a Negro spiritual. The last is especially oddly used – *Sometimes I Feel Just Like a Motherless Child* as we see the Infant in Mary's arms. Herod's palace is a Norman castle in Calabria, and the Romanesque architecture is clamorously un-Roman.

After all which, we come to the most important factor, on which the film

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stands and from which everything in it grows. Unlike any other picture on the subject that I know, this film by the Communist Pasolini was made for only one reason: love of Jesus. The effect of this utterly simple truth is overwhelming. It informs every moment of the picture and makes it, even when it is flawed or slow, an extraordinary experience.

Many, many felicitous touches could be noted. Some of them: the startlingly beautiful face of the gray-eyed, curly-haired Angel of the Annunciation. Herod's death, in the gray light, as his courtiers sit calmly around the walls watching his throes. The face of Jesus, grave, stern, compassionate, submissive to his destiny. The crucifixion (the first time I have really felt that the prime torture was the nails). The Dreyer-like shots of the Roman helmets. The elevation of the cross, swinging up toward us.

Yet, despite the abundance of beauties, the film is slow and undramatic – as any film about Jesus must be. First, there is the stumbling-block of the sermons and lessons. What is a camera to do with them? In the Sermon on the Mount, Pasolini attempts to solve the problem by breaking it up into continuous shots of different places in different planes and lights, but it is still cinematically uncomfortable.

KWAME NKRUMAH
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Second, there is the matter of basic drama. Bernard Shaw wrote in the preface to *On the Rocks:*

> "I have been asked repeatedly to dramatize the Gospel story, mostly by admirers of my dramatization of the trial of St. Joan. . . . Joan tackled her judges valiantly and wittily; her trial was a drama ready made. . . . But Jesus would not defend himself. . . . He went like a lamb to the slaughter. . . . Such a spectacle is disappointing on the stage."

Shaw then goes on to imagine a splendid dialogue that *might* have occurred between Jesus and Pilate, but his seemingly cold-blooded professional point is well-taken and it applies equally to film. Each spectator brings with him some sort of attitude towards Jesus, of whatever shade of belief, but he also brings expectations of the film-form as such. A film that is faithful to the story may satisfy his religious sense if he has any, as Passion Plays have done for centuries; but it cannot satisfy his unconscious or conscious artistic expectations.

That fact will not, of course, stop future film-makers from attempting the subject again and again. At least Pasolini's work, faults and all, will serve as a standard of honesty in motive and simplicity in art.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATRE

A Question of Identity

Of the three new American works under review this week, two are quite feverish with self-consciousness; but then, so is most American drama of recent vintage. After a while, one must stop seeking causes in individual playwrights and look for some common seat of infection. This might very well be located in the amorphous Broadway audience, which has changed its character radically over the past fifteen years. To playwrights of previous generations, the customer was always a known quantity, but few dramatists today have any clear idea about who this middle-aged behemoth is or how to feed it, and this uncertainty issues in a loss of confidence, an erosion of identity, an exaggeration of manner. Uneasy toward their auditors, ambivalent toward their characters, secretive toward their themes, these writers continue to show confusion over whether to be insiders or outsiders, mirrors or models. And failing to identify themselves properly, they fail to show us who we are – fail, that is, to fulfill a major office of the dramatic artist.

Slapstick Tragedy
by Tennessee Williams
(Longacre Theatre)

Where's Daddy
by William Inge
(Billy Rose Theatre)

The Lion in Winter
by James Goldman
(Ambassador Theatre)

Tennessee Williams, who comes from an earlier generation, is still making some effort to characterize himself and his audience, but the conclusions are remembered rather than discovered. In *The Mutilated,* the first short play in the twin bill called *Slapstick Tragedy,* he suggests that all human beings are deformed in some manner or other: This is an old pale story with him, and he fails to rub any fresh color into its cheeks. The two central characters – a breezy, loquacious hooker and a sensitive, damaged spinster with only one breast – are extremely familiar from Williams' previous writings, and so is the Christmas imagery which, besides being self-derivative, is soft, sloppy, and obvious. On top of this, *The Mutilated* is performed in strictly routine fashion (though Margaret Leighton, with a Miriam Hopkins drawl, has affecting moments as the spinster); and it is directed horrendously, with a

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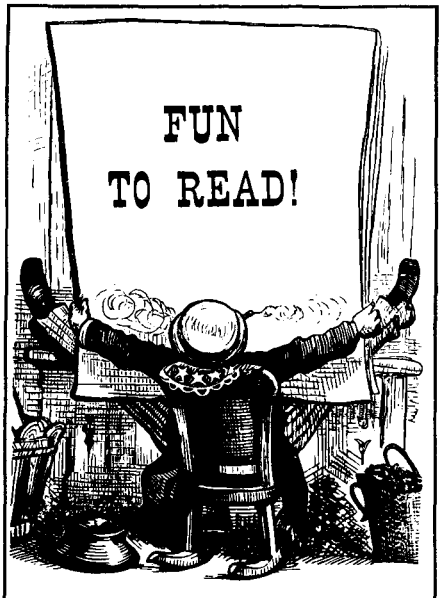

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chorus of seedy tramps, whores, and sailors warbling Williams' purple lyrics with all the sticky harmoniousness of the Trapp family singers.

In his second playlet, *The Gnadiges Fraulein*, Williams treats similar material with more flair and humor, and a brave effort at novelty. A farce-fantasy in the Absurdist manner, the work concerns a visit by the "Southernmost" gossip columnist in America to an old female crony, whose boarding house is being terrorized by "Cockaloony" birds. There she observes the desperate survival tactics of the title character, a battered European circus performer, who must compete with these ferocious creatures for her board and keep ("Three fish a day keep eviction away"). The Gnadiges Fraulein has both her eyes pecked out as a result, but she continues to pursue her food, thus demonstrating something about the capacity of the human race to Endure and Prevail, I suppose. The play has undeniable weaknesses in tone and theme and doesn't run the stretch; but it also has a little daring, even a certain degree of charm, and it is directed and acted with some expertise. Alan Schneider, aided by his designer Ming Cho Lee, has this time found a congenial approach (he treats the play as a comic strip), and there is an especially bright performance by Zoe Caldwell, wearing clown white makeup and looking like Mammy Yokum, supported by Kate Reid, looking like Maggie Jiggs, and Margaret Leighton, looking like Olive Oyl.

William Inge's latest debacle shows an even more depressing failure of identity on the part of the American playwright: It is a conscientious effort to reflect the received opinions of the Broadway audience, with results that are square even by that body's limited geometric standards. The main plot of *Where's Daddy* concerns a young Bohemian couple who are trying to live according to what Inge calls "contemporary thinking and philosophy." The girl is about to have a baby, but the boy – himself an orphan – does not think that he is "emotionally prepared for parenthood," and so is planning to split the moment the child is born. Various characters – including the boy's guardian, the girl's mother, and a Negro couple from next door – regard this impending desertion with disapproval. When the boy's analyst also rejects him, the play predictably closes with the hero cuddling his baby and nuzzling his wife, amidst benevolent smiles from the entire cast of characters.

The play, in short, simply dazzles you with its conventionality, but this is nothing to the conventionality of its ideas: The plot is merely a springboard for the author's homely reflections on several pressing questions that have obviously been disturbing him. These include the sloppy dress of the younger generation ("You all go around looking like sexy rejects from a poor farm"), youth's self-indulgent demands ("Don't you all get tired of being true to yourselves?"), psychoanalytical concepts ("I never call it neurosis – I simply say I'm having a bad day"), modern hopelessness ("If life is empty and hopeless, there is no reason why we shouldn't make our stay on earth as pleasant as possible"), and avant-garde plays ("I suppose you prefer those plays in which people come out of ash cans and urinate on the floor"). All of this is so incredibly ignorant, simplistic, and insulting to its subjects (who are permitted no reply) that I would not mention it were it not for the fact that, in each case, the author's mouthpiece is a university professor – and a homosexual at that! Pinky, as the hero's guardian is called, may very well be the first homosexual *raisonneur* in the history of the drama, but there is never any danger that he will say anything radical or daring: Inge is working too hard to show that despite his sexual proclivities, Pinky is precisely the same as everyone else. The climax of the play, in fact, occurs when Pinky and the heroine's mother (already identified as a typical suburban housewife) discover that they are in perfect accord on every

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Edward Grossman *is an associate editor of* Harper's Magazine. Paul Richard *is a young critic who makes his first* New Republic *appearance with this issue.*

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subject: Pinky confesses that he adores *I Love Lucy* because "I can't sit around reading Milton all the time"; Mom goes into raptures upon learning that "men like you" are not "different" at all; and on this blissful conformist tableau, the curtain mercifully descends.

The entire plot of James Goldman's *The Lion in Winter* revolves around which of his sons will succeed Henry II on the throne of England – a matter of crashing indifference to the audience, and even, apparently, to the author, since he never bothers to resolve it in his play. Instead, Goldman uses his historical setting merely as a subterfuge for romantic comedy, and it is to romantic comedy that the audience responds, as the most elevated questions of state are reduced to domestic quarrels, witty asides, informal banter, and sexy situations. Obviously inspired by Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* (and directed by the same man, Noel Willman), *The Lion in Winter* has a much more conventional structure and much less historical relevance: It gives us medieval kings, queens, and princes only for the purpose of exposing their contemporary underwear. Thus, while the play possesses a modicum of wit, the wit is completely dependent upon a single comic device: transforming royal personages into the stock figures of situation comedy.

This device occasionally accounts for a funny line or an energetic domestic battle: More often, it sells the play short for cheap laughs. "Hush dear, Mother's fighting," says Eleanor of Aquitaine in the midst of a harangue with her estranged husband, Henry – and adds, after she has informed the king that she may have cuckolded him with his father, "What family doesn't have its ups and downs." There is a good deal of intriguing going on among the three sons of Henry, and even a scene suggesting a homosexual affair between the oldest boy and the young French king – but the major interest of the author is obviously in the autumnal love-hate relationship between Henry and Eleanor. Thus, the play ends with sentimental affirmations ("We have each other, and for all I know, that's what hope is"), at the very same time that Henry is banishing Eleanor from his kingdom, as though the emotions of the play were totally divorced from its exterior action. As for the performances, Robert Preston is bushy, chesty, and chuckly as Henry, Rosemary Harris twinkles pleasantly as Eleanor of Aquitaine, and Christopher Walken and James Rado are vigorous and interesting as two of the young men – but the whole performance could very well be transferred to a contemporary TV series, involving a business executive, his designing wife, and their teenage sons. Goldman, in short, seems to know his audience much better than either Tennessee Williams or William Inge, and has written for it a convenient play – but a play without historical insight, psychological depth, or inner reality.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Myth, Dream, Nightmare

Sirs:

The article, "Taiwan: Myth, Dream and Nightmare," by John K. Fairbank, (February 5) does not present several vital facts which would repudiate the validity of his main arguments.

Nowhere does the article point out that the so-called "Taiwanese" are in fact Chinese. About 95 percent of the so-called "Taiwanese" are the descendants of immigrants from Fukien Province of China, which is 90 miles away, across the Formosa Straits. The "Taiwanese" speak Fukien dialects, cook Fukien dishes, and know exactly where their grandfathers' graves are in Fukien. Another three percent of the "Taiwanese" are descendants of immigrants from Canton, a province next to Fukien in China. The genuine "Taiwanese" are aborigines who constituted only one to two percent of the prewar "Taiwanese" population. A casual reader of the article would get the impression that the "Taiwanese" are not Chinese.

The uprising of the Taiwanese in 1947 was indeed a most unfortunate incident. However, the Taiwanese were overwhelmed with enthusiasm when

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the news of Japanese surrender and the resultant return of Taiwan to China reached them. The uprising erupted only after the exploitation and carpetbagging by Chinese Nationalist officers in Taiwan over the ensuing year. It should be noted that such exploitation and carpetbagging were commonly practiced in mainland China by Nationalist officers, especially in areas released from Japanese occupation after V-J Day. Mass riots and mass arrests happened in many cities in mainland China between 1947 and 1949. The riot in Taiwan and the subsequent oppression were not exceptional events.

Several facts should be noted about the Taiwan independence movement mentioned in the article. The movement has been ineffectual because of lack of support among the Taiwanese, a fact which is proved by the author's own words: "It seems to lack much organization or overt following." The leader of the movement, Mr. Wen I Liao, publicly renounced his movement, confessed his mistakes, and returned to Taiwan from Japan to work for the Nationalist government last year.

The returning of Taiwan to China at the end of World War II, in fact, is strong evidence on its own that Taiwan is a part of China. Not even a 50-year occupation and substantial developments on the island by the Japanese could change the rightful status of Taiwan. No one could change the blood of the Taiwanese and no force on earth could remove Taiwan physically from the perimeter of China. Besides, no ruler of China, regardless of political color, would renounce the sovereignty of Taiwan. If the concept of Taiwan "autonomy" can be successfully maneuvered by "imperialist" methods, as suggested by Professor Fairbank, it may serve only the temporary convenience of the US in advancing its interests in the Far East. But in return, the United States would have to bear a heavy cross of protecting Taiwan as long as China exists. On the other hand, it may result in a major disaster, which I am sure is not the intention of the US government. I have many relatives still living in Taiwan. I do not therefore give my true name.

Lei D. Huang
Atlanta, Georgia

The Dick

Sirs:

I read with interest and outrage and amusement James Ridgeway's account ("The Dick," March 12) of the harassment of Ralph Nader by the detectives hired by General Motors *et al* after the publication of *Unsafe at Any Speed.*

I was interested partly because of similar attention I received after writing *The High Cost of Dying.* Some of the undertakers offended commissioned several private eyes to look into my activities. One, representing himself as a director of the Morgan Personnel Agency, called on several of our neighbors with the news that he had a "wonderful" job for me. It was to be a surprise, so I wasn't to be told. All he wanted was "a little more information" – of the backfence gossip variety. Another passed himself off as a clergyman, trying to learn from associates about my religious interests. Or lack of them.

Mr. Nader's experiences hopefully will arouse a good bit of outrage about that particular occupational hazard of writers. While frontal attacks from the criticized are expected, even the lowest of them coming under the head of reasonably fair play, the effort to indulge in a blackmailing activity is reprehensible.

Happily, the efforts seem so generally clumsy as to be amusing. Things were a bit rougher on social critics in the days of Upton Sinclair, when "public servants" were used to frighten upstart writers. We have come a long way in a short time. And until the private detectives polish their techniques to at least the level approved by Mickey Spillane, there is no real cause for alarm.

Ruth Harmer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Congratulations to Mr. Ridgeway on his article regarding the harassment of Ralph Nader by various private detective agencies.

To clear the record my name is Gillen, and I also am a New York attorney, having been active in the field of traffic safety. I do not know detective Gillen, nor am I related to him, and I frown upon activities similar to his.

As a result of your article, there has been some confusion, and like Mr.

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Nader, my telephone has been ringing with inquiries whether or not I am the same Gillen, or know of his activities. While visiting the House of Representatives yesterday two people made similar references and it is proving to be bothersome.

I would hope you would print this letter to clarify the situation.

Neal P. Gillen
Assistant Director,
Legal Department
American Automobile Assoc.
Washington, D.C.

Do Left and Right Meet?

Sirs:

In spite of Ronald Hamowy's attempt ("Left and Right Meet," March 12) to equate the new left with what he calls the new right, the two have never been farther apart, at least in the domestic sphere. When new radicals advocate voluntarism, or particularly democracy, they do not support the businessman's privilege to earn his money as he chooses apart from any concern for the effects of his activities. They do not support the property owner's privilege to do entirely what he wants with his property, apart from any concern for those who are affected by his property. The small businessman in Harlem who sells his inferior wares at a much higher rate than his "downtown" counterpart, the big businessman whose economic policies support the racist societies of Mississippi and South Africa, the slumlord who charges exorbitant rents for his rat-infested tenements, the real estate brokers who make fortunes by block-busting – these are not the individuals the new radicals organize; nor are they the individuals the new radicals want to save from government bureaucracy.

If anything, most new radicals would like to see the government seize slum dwellings, and turn them over to organized tenant councils. I would prefer to see the poor undertake cooperative business ventures – supported, if need be, with government funds – in which the aim of the venture is not primarily to make profits, but simply to actively participate in a community project – to build, as it were, a small sized *polis*. . . .

Why do the new radicals call on society "again and again, to feel shame for our desires for powerful sports cars, good stereos, sailboats, private education . . ."? Not because the new radicals are puritans, but because those luxuries are enjoyed by a majority at the expense of a brutalized minority.

Nathan Weber
Brooklyn, N.Y.

New Hope for Republicans

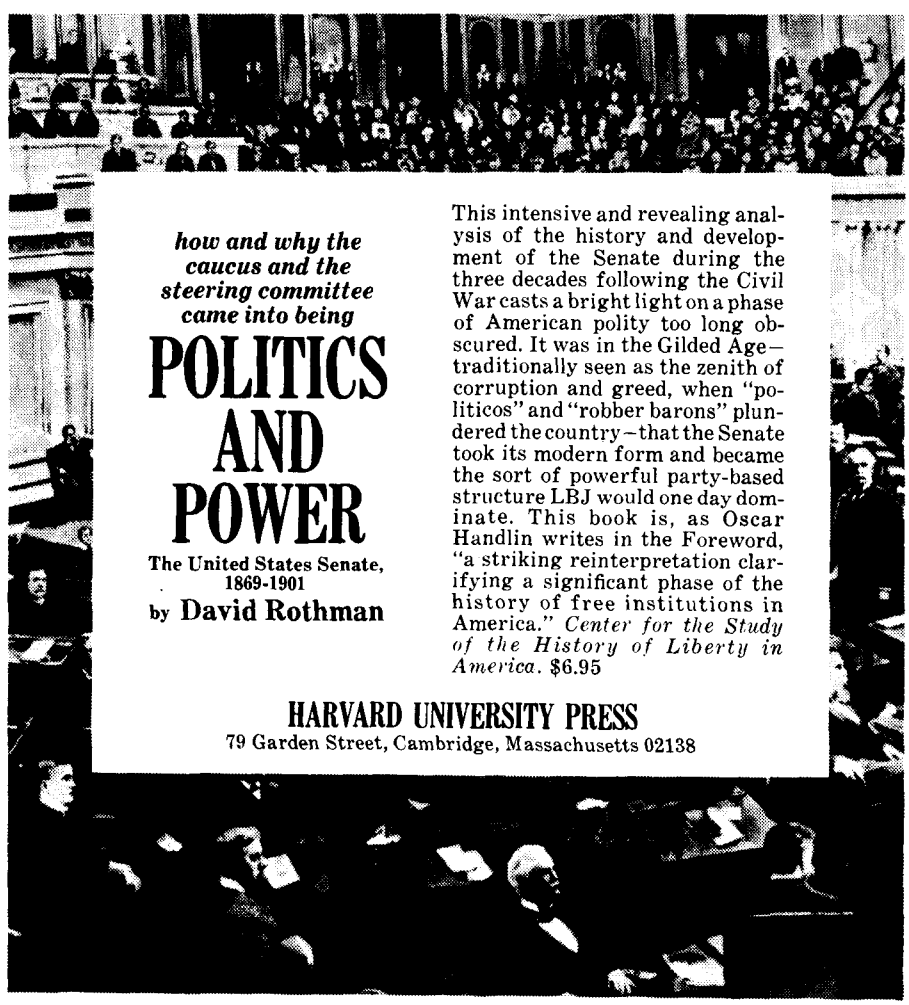
Sirs:

Though illuminating, Mr. Kopkind's article ("New Hope for Republicans," March 5) suggests something quite unimaginable: the rejuvenation of the Republican Party as a way to begin solving the problems the Johnson Consensus has exacerbated, obscured, or left in a lurch. As a real solution to these problems, which Mr. Kopkind outlines, I would suggest a third-party movement. . . . The only man in America who could *effectively* lead such a movement is Senator Robert Kennedy. But who could expect him to commit political suicide?

Stanley Mallach
Madison, Wis.

Impatience and disappointment with Democrats have led many liberals to cast a hopeful eye on modern Republicans. Often, however, the only thing that keeps a new Republican out of the Birch bag is an appreciation of public relations.

Charles Percy, for example, expected white backlash in Chicago to make him governor in 1964. To help it along, he came out against open occupancy and for Goldwater. Now he speaks of the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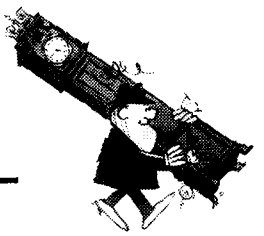

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importance to Republicans of the Negro vote. Is he arguing from principle or from experience?

George Romney perhaps holds the distance record for obtaining excellent coverage of a totally blank record. A recent statement offers insight into this most modern of Republicans. *New Republic* readers probably know that in the last five years, dividends in this country increased by 43 percent, common stock prices by 64 percent, and corporate earnings by 68 percent. Commenting on the state of the economy in January, Romney said, "All of the nation's productivity increase goes into one segment of the economy – labor. There is nothing left for the customer, the stockholder, the owner." The five-year gain in average hourly earnings in manufacturing was 17 percent.

A. A. Hilgart Jr.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Correction

John Updike informs us that, in his review of Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Swans on an Autumn River* (March 5), a transposition occurred which distorted his form, wrecked three sentences, and thrust the discussion of one story into the discussion of another story.

Readers who do not wish to wait for Mr. Updike's next collection of essays should know how the piece was meant to go. The first sentence, which begins near the top of column one page 25, should read: "The two women walking across the road to the telephone, however flat and irrelevant as an image, are as an event more world-engaging and, as it were, negotiable." This takes us to the bottom of column one and about halfway through column two, where a sentence which should read: "Her world is thoroughly social, like those rings of Hades, etc." takes us back to the line 14 of column one. The last sentence in that column should read: "The first act of love, the initial violation of this most sacred taboo, is beautifully described and justified as an incident within the horror and fatalism and hysteria of the First World War . . ." and back to the middle of column two.

These errors would not have occurred if Mr. Updike had received proofs as he requested. Our apologies to the author and to our readers. THE EDITORS

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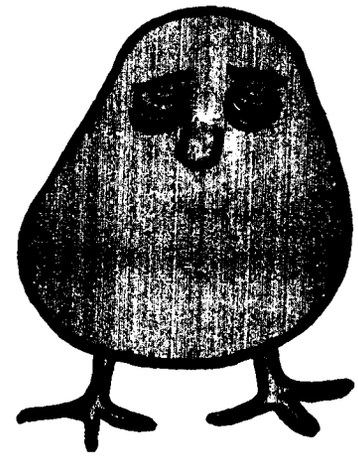

Okay, so it looks as if we've sold out to the Establishment. So *The Realist* has been sanctified in *Newsweek*, the *Herald Tribune*, *Playboy* and—are you ready—*Pageant*. All right, so the editor, Paul Krassner, has been listed by *Esquire* as one of the 100 best people in the world. True, Bruce Jay Friedman speaks in *Black Humor* of the Feiffer-Krassner-Bruce axis. Admittedly, our circulation has gone from 600 to 54,000 in seven years. Well, so what? *The Realist* is *still* edited for 600. Krassner was *still* censored on the Mike Wallace show and the Les Crane show. We *still* sent a humane abortionist on a retirement trip with his wife. Following are the highlights of our 15 most sacred issues. Lucky you, they're still available.

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